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FJORD, ISLE, AND TOR.







ROMSDALSHORN, NORWAY.

# FJORD, ISLE, AND TOR.

BY

EDWARD SPENDER.



LONDON:

CHARLTON TUCKER,

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1870.



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## PREFACE.

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I HAVE frequently felt, in travelling, the want of some portable volume, which would give me a general idea of the country I was visiting. Guide Books supply useful information about towns and hotels, and all the sights that must be seen. They rarely give any description of the people, and of their social and political condition. Doubtless there are works in which the information can be obtained; but they are often expensive, and the traveller, especially a pedestrian, does not want to carry a library with him.

I have thought that the present volume, being neither bulky nor costly, might be of service to tourists. The three principal articles have been already published—"Norway" and "The Channel Islands," in the *London Quarterly Review*—"Cornwall and the Cornish" in *Meliora*. "The Scilly

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Islands" and the three Itineraries have been written for *Charles's Wain*. The last do not pretend to be complete, or to take the place of regular hand-books; but they may afford some useful hints to a reader who is still deliberating where he shall pass his summer holiday.

To him I would give one word of advice. If he means to see all the countries described in the following pages, let him not visit them in the order herein arranged. "Norway" stands first in this volume, because it is the most important of the tours. For that very reason it should be made last. Just as Wales and Scotland should be seen before Switzerland, so Cornwall, the Scilly Islands, and the Channel Islands should be visited before Norway. "Tor" and "Isle" are indeed charming, but they will not compare with "Fjord."

EDWARD SPENDER.

34, CLIFTON GARDENS, W.,

May. 1870.



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## NORWAY.

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JUST three-quarters of a century ago a gifted but erratic Englishwoman was journeying through the then almost unknown country of Norway. She had been drawn thither by a consuming passion for a man who made but an inadequate return for so much affection. Travelling through the mountains and the forests of Scandinavia, Mary Wollstonecroft found for a time diversion from painful memories and gloomy forebodings. The "sweet beauty" of the northern summer calmed the tumult of her heart. The free institutions of the Norsk people consoled and delighted one whose love of liberty had been deeply wounded by the fierce outbursts of Toryism in England, which the eloquent but terrified Burke had excited, and by the sad fate of her brilliant friends, the Girondists, in France. In Norway she found a simple race, which, though nominally under despotic rule, was really self-governed. In Norway she met with neither political tyranny nor feudal oppression. The Norwegian husbandmen, as she said, had no fear of being turned out of their farms "should they displease a man in power ; and, having no vote, to be commanded

at an election for a mock representative, are a manly race." In Norway she found no viceroy to "lord it over the people, and fatten his dependents with the fruit of their labours." There was no law of primogeniture, the land was equally divided among the children of a dead owner, it belonged to those who cultivated it. The officials were patriarchal in their relations to the people, and "had no time to learn to be tyrants." Not only was the land free: thought was free. A free thinker need not fear the pillory in Norway; in that country "a man might even deny the Divinity of Christ without being considered universally a monster." Amid all the changes which have befallen Europe since the mother of Shelley's wife published her "Letters," Norway has retained her liberties. She has developed them. In spite of the atrocious political crime by which England handed over that country, without consulting her, to the King of Sweden as the price of his alliance, Norway has increased the freedom which she previously possessed. The very outrage which threatened her ruin was, through the valour of her people, turned to her advantage. They demanded and obtained fresh rights. At the present time Norway is as democratic as any country in Europe, not excepting even the Swiss Republic.

Soon after Mary Wollstonecroft's visit, the great war broke out, and continental travelling became dangerous. Norway remained unexplored by English literary travellers, with one exception, for about twenty years. Dr. Clarke visited the three Scandinavian kingdoms in 1799. He saw Christiania on the south and Thronbjhem on the north. He meant to have reached the North Cape, but was prevented by illness. On his return south he met the Italian traveller, Count Acerbi, who, more fortunate

than the Englishman, reached the northernmost point of Europe. Some time before 1815 an artist named Edy travelled through Norway to make sketches for Boydell's splendid work. In 1820, Captain, afterwards Sir A. de Capel, Brooke went to the North Cape, and published a quarto volume narrating his travels. He was the first Englishman who reached that point, and the journey between Thronðjhem and the Cape occupied no fewer than forty days. Three French travellers essayed the same feat. Proceeding from Tornea in Sweden they came across an inland lake, and mistook it for the Arctic Ocean. Ascending a mountain, they spent a whole day cutting an inscription which is so thoroughly French that it is worth republishing :—" France gave us birth ; Africa has beheld us ; we have explored the Ganges ; we have travelled over the whole of Europe. Having been exposed to various accidents, both by sea and land, here at length have we arrived at the farthest boundary of the world. De Fercourt, De Corberon, Regnard." The last of the trio published a book, in which he said that he and his friends " had erected a trophy at the end of the world ; materials having been wanting for their further toil, rather than courage to endure it." In reality they were 500 miles south of " the farthest boundary of the world." In 1826 Mr. Price crossed the Fillefjeld in spite of the warnings of the Norwegians that it was impracticable. He also made the journey from Bergen to the Hardanger Fjord, and subsequently journeyed from Thronðjhem across the Dovrefjeld to Christiania. During his wanderings he encountered many hardships. In 1827, Mr. H. D. Inglis explored Tellemarken, but could not discover the famous Rjukan Foss. Nevertheless the volume which he published long remained, even if it is

not still, the best book of travels in Norway. In 1827, the Rev. Robert Everest of Oxford, discovered the famous Vöring Foss, which competes with the recently-discovered Skjæggedal Foss for the honour of being the finest waterfall in Norway. After this the number of Norwegian tourists increased rapidly, and as the country is large and the visitors were adventurous, most of them had some fresh glories to tell of. Mr. Laing, the father of the ex-M.P., lived in Norway for many months, and published a journal which is still a standard work, and is, unquestionably, one of the very best books of the kind ever published. With this exception, there seems to have been a cessation of works on Norway between the volume published by Mr. Breton, in 1834, which first described the Romsdal district, and the work of Mr. Forester, who with Lieutenant Biddulph made a very extensive tour in 1847. The last twenty years have produced, probably, as many books upon Norway. The comparative fewness of travellers has, paradoxical though it may seem, led to the frequency of books of travel. No one, except members of the Alpine Club, writes about Switzerland, for all the world goes there. It is only the few who go to Norway, and these have, therefore, an excuse for narrating their experiences. Moreover, the vast extent of the country (compared with which Switzerland is but as a parish compared with a state) leaves room for a great diversity of narrative. Further, Norway is one of the best sporting grounds in the world; and so it comes to pass that men like the late Mr. Newland and Mr. Metcalfe describe their achievements with the salmon, and men like Mr. Lloyd their more serious encounters with the bear. The men of science have as yet done little in Norway. They have been outnumbered by the more adventurous women of

the period. The last have written in the persons of the "Unprotected Females," and, very recently, Lady Di Beauclerk ; while the work on the glaciers of Norway, by the late Professor James Forbes, is, we believe, the only book upon that country written by a professed *savant*. And yet one might have supposed that the *savant*, at all events, would find no country more attractive than this. Ladies might well be deterred from visiting it by the long and generally stormy passage across the North Sea, and by the undeniable absence of *convénances* which has to be endured in every part of the country except the capital. But a mere glimpse at the map of Europe ought to attract the man of science to the most northern state of Europe. He sees a long strip of country stretching far into the frigid zone, yet with a temperature in many parts as high as that of Canada. He sees a coast eaten and corroded by the action of the Atlantic hurled against it by the western gales. He sees that this country is furrowed by some of the longest rivers in Europe, and intersected by mountains which form a breakwater for the whole of northern Europe against the tremendous force of the ocean, and that in all probability their attrition has furnished the material of which the low grounds of the Continent are mainly composed. He would observe that a large portion of Norway is within the range of perpetual summer daylight, and thus he would have the opportunity of gazing on the midnight sun. If he be also a philologist, he would bear in mind that Norway is the birthplace of the men who conquered our land and built up our language, that it is even now the home of some of the wildest legends and of the most valuable historical records that Europe affords. If he be likewise a political economist, he will remember

that in Norway he will find solved many of the political problems which have long puzzled and baffled us ; that, in this the land of the men who founded our nobility, nobility has been abolished : that here there is a church absolutely identical with the state, and yet permitting the widest toleration : that here there is a perfect system of political representation ; and that here, too, justice is brought within the reach of the poorest man, yet, at the same time, litigation is discouraged.

The attractions of this country are, if possible, even greater to the artist. It is impossible, even with the most skilful word-painting, for those who have seen to convey to those who have not seen, any adequate idea of the glories of Norway. There are fine mountains in Switzerland, but there is nowhere else such a combination of mountain and ocean—nowhere else in Europe does the snow-clad peak rise directly out of the sea—nowhere else will the traveller find that most distinguishing feature of Norway, the Fjord, guarded at its entrance by a break-water of islands ; winding inland through forest-clad hills, where the white stem of the silver birch gleams amid the sombre pines, and at whose feet lie the greenest of green pastures, dotted with quaint houses ; forcing its way farther still through the ever narrowing mountain gorges, down whose sides plunge, at one leap, countless torrents fed from the great ice fields far overhead. Nowhere else in Europe is there such a country of waterfalls as this ; not the petty spouts which Swiss hotel-keepers illuminate with red fire, after the device of the Italian Opera, for the benefit of well-dressed guests, discussing their twentieth course at the *table d'hôte* ; but cataracts of tremendous volume and force far away up among the mountains, requiring perhaps a whole day's journey to reach them.



Above all, nowhere are there such sunsets as in the country of which we are speaking. The memory of one night in Norway makes one feel how powerless language is to describe the splendours of that evening glory of carmine, and orange, and indigo, which floods not only the heavens, but the sea, and makes the waves beneath our keel a "flash of living fire." Language cannot paint that wonderful mystic light, so unspeakably soft and tender, which travels round the northern horizon, from west to east, so that one cannot tell where night ends or day begins. These are glories which surpass anything that Danby and Turner painted in their boldest mood. Yet neither is Norway a country of artists, nor do English artists betake themselves thither. The first fact is perhaps due to the comparative poverty of the Norwegian people, or rather to the absence of the very wealthy men who in England constitute the class of art patrons. The second fact must be due to that want of energy and courage which makes our artists continue to paint over and over again the same scenes—the everlasting Lake scenery, with its tame prettiness, or the everlasting Grand Canal at Venice, until we come almost to loathe the sight of those places, however skilfully painted. An English artist might make his fortune out of a summer in Norway, unless indeed he returned with a portfolio empty, through sheer despair of the possibility of transferring to canvas the grand features of this country of the Fjeld, the Fjord, and the Foss.

Probably Norway will never be much frequented by ordinary tourists. The three days' sea voyage will always act as a deterrent to those who suffer from the *mal de mer*. True, they have an alternative in the land route by way of Belgium, North Germany, Denmark, and Sweden ; but

this is a very costly journey and somewhat tedious. Then it cannot be denied that the tourist once within Norwegian territory will have often to put up with rough accommodation and scant fare. A great increase in the number of tourists would probably bring about some improvement in the first particular, but the second deficiency is not so easily supplied. The tourist to whom the *table d'hôte* is an important element in the day's programme, will certainly find little enjoyment in a country where (except in the capital) potatoes are the only vegetable grown, and these not to be obtained until the latter half of July ; where fruit is almost unknown, where the supply of meat is precarious, and the traveller may have to live for days on fish, and be thankful if the supply of salmon or trout does not fail him. Women are now as venturesome as men on a special occasion, yet even the most enterprising ladies will think twice before they undertake a journey which involves entire exposure to the weather by day, and the constant companionship of fleas by night. The Norwegian flea is exceptionally large, prolific and energetic ; but even he is a mild tyrant compared with the mosquito, whose cruel ravages are known to the visitors of Northern Norway. The Norwegian carriage, the only suitable vehicle in which to traverse the country, is pleasant enough when the sun shines, but offers absolutely no protection when there is rain ; and in Norway the clouds understand their business. Even ladies, however, though incapable of enduring much fatigue, may see many of the beauties of Norway if they will content themselves with those two districts which are at once the most beautiful and the most accessible, the Romsdal and the Hardanger Fjord. In the first is the little rustic inn of Aak, whereof the landlord is fast making his fortune by

reason of the high but deserved encomiums of Lady Di Beauclerk. In the Hardanger district the accommodation is more primitive ; but Eidfjord offers most comfortable quarters, whence the Fjord may be explored, and whence the start is made for the most beautiful drive in Norway, that to Vossevangen, and by the magnificent Nærrodal to Gudvangen, which is itself the starting point for the Sogne Fjord. The more venturesome will proceed up to the farthest arm of the Hardanger, and will find a week well spent in exploring the region round Odde. It is a day's excursion thence to the magnificent Skjæggedal Foss of which "Murray" is seemingly ignorant, and which competes with the Vöring Foss for the crown of merit as the finest waterfall in all Norway. From Odde, too, is a hard day's climb to the great ice field of the Folgefond, that enormous mass of ice and snow, which covers some 700 square miles. One of the most accessible glaciers in Norway is within an easy distance of Odde. The more difficult excursions were made by ladies two years ago ; some of whom, as I can testify, surpassed their male companions in agility and endurance. Bergen, again, offers an excellent starting point for some of the finest Fjords, all of which can be reached without any further inconvenience than a voyage in steamers that might advantageously be cleaner. Mr. Forester writing in 1853 said :—

“ The time is not come when even the great highways to Bergen and Thronjhem are open to female tourists. The resting places where decent accommodation can be obtained are still of very rare occurrence. For a lady to undertake such a journey of 300 or 400 miles in a carriage or vehicle which carries only one passenger, and is not more roomy than a park chaise, with equal exposure to the weather, would be preposterous.”

In sixteen years considerable improvement has been made, so far as the "stations" or resting places are concerned. The great highways from Christiania are in this respect well supplied. But the railways, of which Mr. Forester went on to speak in the future tense, are still for the most part unmade ; and with the exception of the first fifty miles from Christiania, which is traversed by a railway, and the subsequent seventy miles on the Mjösen Lake, traversed by a steamer, the journey to Bergen Thronjhem, or Aak, must be made in the open carriage, unless, indeed, a party of tourists prefer the clumsy four-wheeled three-horsed carriage.

The mode of travelling in Norway has been described frequently in books ; yet a few words on this subject from one who has very lately journeyed in that country may not be unacceptable. If the traveller is going at all off the main routes (and he will miss, with a few exceptions, the most beautiful parts of Norway, if he do not), he should be provided with a moderate stock of biscuits, some preserved meat, a little jam to supply the lack of vegetable food, and some tea or cocoa ; and, for the outer man, a water-proof coat, and a similar covering for his knapsack or portmanteau. If he is not accompanied by a lady, there is not the smallest occasion for him to encumber himself with a vehicle, for he will be sure to find one at every "station." True, these conveyances are often very shabby, but even the high road through the Gudbrandsdal, the most frequented road in Norway, is not Rotten Row, and he will find a majority of travellers using carriages or carts no better than his. If he has a lady with him, he should obtain a carriage for her in Christiania. For this, and for the harness and accompanying apparatus, he will have to deposit ten pounds ; and should he return

to Christiania in about a month, he will receive two-thirds of the money back again. In fact, he buys the carriage and harness, and resells it for so much less a sum as will represent what he would have paid for the hire. The disadvantages of being encumbered with a carriage are, that it almost compels the owner to return to Christiania ; and that it involves a considerable expense and trouble in transferring the vehicle from steamer to steamer and in conveying it by the boats on the inland lakes where there are no steamers. The main roads of Norway are admirably made and kept. They are, in fact, fine specimens of engineering, which are increased every year, under the wise liberality of the Government ; away from these well-trodden routes, the roads are often exceedingly steep and rough, and that over Moldestad hill is probably the steepest highway in Europe. At intervals along the road, generally about eight English miles apart, there are "station" houses, at which horses and vehicles are kept for travellers. These are provided compulsorily by the farmers, who are paid according to a fixed tariff. This, on the main roads, where the stations are "fast," is about twopence per English mile for a horse, and about threepence for a horse and vehicle, and harness. On the other roads, wherever the stations are not "fast," the charge is one-third less ; but then twopence per horse has to be paid to the station master for the trouble of ordering it. Should the traveller be pressed for time, or should he be travelling in a party of more than three, he would do wisely to send *forbød*, that is an order for the number of horses and vehicles which he may require, and the time at which he wants them. As he has to pay a forfeit if he is more than an hour late, this arrangement somewhat restricts his freedom ; and it may safely be omitted if he is

not in urgent haste, or has only one or two companions. The "stations" generally provide bedrooms for travellers; but as the accommodation varies greatly, they will wisely consult the road-book for the selection of their resting places. This road book is absolutely indispensable. It gives the authorised distance and charge from station to station; it describes each station, and conveys all necessary information about the steamers. An English edition is published every year, at Christiania, by Mr. Bennett; and, armed with this cheap little volume, "Murray," which is all but useless, may be left at home in England. A traveller who is not bound to time will find from fifty to sixty miles a sufficient day's journey. He must expect to stop for half-an-hour at each station, and thus three or four hours of the day are accounted for. The Norwegian horses, though the surest-footed in the world, are not the swiftest, and will rarely do the Norsk mile (seven English miles) within the hour. The tariff of charge being fixed, and the road-book being always accepted as an unquestionable authority as to the length of the stage, it is quite possible to travel through Norway without knowing a word of the language. We need scarcely add that a knowledge of it will increase the pleasures and often the comforts of the journey.

On nearly all the steamers, and in the principal towns, such as Christiania, Bergen, Throndjem, and Molde, English is spoken. In fact, next to Norsk, English is the most useful language. It is more spoken than any other foreign tongue, except, perhaps, at Bergen, where, owing to the existence of an old German settlement, that language is much heard. French is simply useless. Nor is this surprising, for while French is one of the Romance languages, and springs from the Latin, Norsk, English,

and German spring from one common tongue, which is now spoken only in Iceland, and in one or two very remote regions in Norway. Modern Norsk is really Danish, and the Copenhagen newspapers are circulated through Norway as freely as if they had been published in Christiania. Some attempts have been made to restore the use of the old language, but these have not been successful. Probably, the cause of the failure is to be found, to some extent, in the lack of adaptability on the part of this language to modern wants. Nevertheless, while the head of an ordinary English household would find a difficulty in understanding Chaucer without a glossary, the Icelandic maid-servant of to-day not only understands, but speaks the language of four or five hundred years ago. Modern Norsk or Danish, being, like English, uninflected, is not difficult to learn. Travelling in Norway is facilitated by the honesty and the good temper of the people. Attempts at extortion are very rare, and the readiness with which the people at the stations set themselves to forward their visitors' comfort deserves all praise. Old tourists in Norway complain that travelling in that country is no longer as cheap as it was. There seems to be no doubt that on the more frequented roads the charges for food are higher than they were. Yet that these are not excessive may be gathered from the following instance, experienced by myself: At Ormeim, in the far-famed and much-frequented Romsdal, a dinner of fish and meat, beds, and a breakfast of fish and meat, were charged four marks (about 3s. 7d.) for two persons. True, the accommodation was very primitive, but there was little disposition to find fault with that, in view of one of the most picturesque waterfalls in the world. Other instances of similar charges might be given. It



is only in Christiania, Bergen, Molde, and Honeföss that they are at all high, and even there they are under the Swiss prices. Another great advantage which Norway possesses is the free access to all her grand natural spectacles. I could not but contrast my experience at the magnificent Norwegian waterfalls, which are guarded by no keepers, with the previous year's acquaintance with the army of showmen in the neighbourhood of Meyringen. There was not a single beggar to stretch out an itching palm in 1868 ; it was impossible to walk a hundred yards in 1867 without being beset by a hungry brood of mendicants, who, at the Rosenlauii glacier, developed into downright ruffianism needing personal chastisement. Fortunately for Norwegian tourists, that wretched specimen of the British snob—the purse-proud citizen, who buys with a profuse expenditure of gold the outward homage of the people who inwardly despise him—is not likely to mar their comfort, nor to spoil a simple and honest race. Norway is not a country for the man who finds delight in the gaping admiration of the people that think him a lord. To such a man the *table d'hôte* is the one event of the day, and in Norway he would starve. Long may that country continue the land of scarcity ; far distant be the time when it will form acquaintance with made dishes.

We have spoken of Norway as the land of the Fjord, the Foss, and the Fjeld. These are its most striking physical features. They are, moreover, intimately connected together. They are successive steps in “ the world's great altar-stairs, that lead ” not indeed “ through darkness,” but through beauty “ up to God.” The traveller makes his first acquaintance with Norway as he thrids the mazes of the Fjord. Perchance it will happen to him,



as it happened to me, to enter one of these mazes when the crimson-dyed horizon was glowing into burnished gold, when the intense brilliance of the twilight, that was neither wholly sunset nor wholly dawn, but partook of the beauty of both, flooded the whole northern and western sky, while, far away in the south-east, the full-orbed moon shone with metallic lustre ; when the gentle breeze of summer came borne with a sigh from this enchanted-seeming land, and laden with the sweet fragrance of its dark pine forests ; when the very idea of sleep seemed a sin, and every sense was aroused into new and quickened life by the magnificent apotheosis of colour, so infinitely beyond the power of imagination to conceive. Should it be one of the principal fjords, the traveller will have to pass the greater part of the day before he comes to the head of it. Arrived there, perhaps a hundred miles from the entrance, he will find a river roaring and tumbling into the fjord over great boulders of rocks. A mile or two farther on he will reach the shores of a wide freshwater lake, a "Vand," shut in by lofty mountains. The vand is some hundreds of feet above the fjord, which is of course on the level of the sea. But beyond the vand there is usually a very rapid ascent. It is nevertheless a long as well as a steep climb to the mountain tops. Arrived there after, it may be, more than a day's journey, the traveller finds himself, not on a peak or a ridge, but a wide waste of gently undulating moorland ; this is the fjeld, the reservoir of all those streams which he saw pouring down the mountain side as he journeyed up the fjord. Wittich has aptly contrasted Norway with Switzerland. The mountains in the latter country he compares to a ridge and furrow roof ; the mountains in the former to the embrasures of a parapet. The chief difference be-

tween them lies in the enormous snow fields of Norway. There is no parallel in Switzerland to the Folgefond. These extensive table-lands, whether on the lower level of the fjelds, or on the higher level of the snow fields, will not, however, compare for beauty with the views even from the minor elevations of Switzerland. There is not in all Norway a mountain view to be compared with that from the Righi, still less with that from the Æggishorn, least of all with that from any of the mountain peaks in the Monte Rosa district. In another particular Switzerland carries off the palm; the *châlet* is infinitely more picturesque than the *säter*. The *säter* can be compared only with the Irish cabin as it used to be in the worst days before the exodus. Yet here in this rude hut of earth and stone, with no furniture but one three-legged stool and a box, which being lined with hay is called a bed, the peasant girls pass the brief Norwegian summer, and spend their time to such good purpose, that when the first frosts come with the departure of August, they have laid up a store of butter and cheese that would move to envy the dairymaid in the fertile vale of Taunton.

The fact that Norway stretches through thirteen degrees of latitude, through more than 900 statute miles, implies a great variety of climate and produce. Paradoxical as it may seem, the winter is colder in the south than in the north. At Christiania, which is in the same latitude as the Shetland Islands, the sea is frozen hard. At the North Cape, which is about 300 miles above the Arctic Circle, the sea rarely, if ever, freezes. The explanation of the phenomenon was easy enough until recently. That convenient solvent of all difficulties of climatology, the Gulf Stream, was credited with bestowing a temperate winter upon this part of the frigid zone. It

was this kind messenger which came bringing the superfluous heat of the Mexican waters to the Lapps and the Quaens. But now this cherished belief has been called in question. Undoubtedly, the Gulf Stream does flow past the western coast of Norway. Have not the trees of the American forests been stranded on the shores of Iceland? But the *savant* now tells us that the stream is neither broad enough nor deep enough to produce any sensible change of temperature. Undoubtedly the information is good news for the nervous, who feared that the piercing of Panama would carry the Gulf Stream to the other side of the world—would give us, in exchange for our moist warm winter, the winter of China with the mercury frozen in the bulb for weeks together. We can, therefore, pardon the iconoclasts who have destroyed one idol without erecting another. Until they supply our need, we can only say that, judging from the experience of the Lapps and the Quaens, the frigid zone is not so very frigid after all. Nevertheless, there is abundant climatic variety in Norway. If there are terrestrial causes as yet unknown for the tempering of the Arctic cold, there is an obvious celestial cause for the limitation of vegetable produce in a country where the winter lasts nine months, and the summer only half as many weeks. In latitude  $58^{\circ} 9'$ , according to M'Culloch, the average temperature is  $45^{\circ}$ , and there is no constant snow region. With the exception of peaches and apricots, English fruits will ripen, but have little flavour. The beech woods cease at lat.  $59^{\circ}$ , and the temperature has fallen one degree. Nevertheless, all kinds of grain grow. The plum does not ripen at lat.  $60^{\circ}$ . Between  $60^{\circ}$  and  $61^{\circ}$  the temperature falls to  $43^{\circ}$  on the coast, to  $41^{\circ}$  in the interior. The elm ceases, the oak is poor, but the fir, the birch, the hazel, and the

aspen are still vigorous. Another degree farther north sees the wheat in adversity, and the ash almost disappear. Beyond  $60^{\circ}$  wheat will ripen only on sheltered spots near the coast, peas are precarious, cabbages will not come to perfection. Beyond  $65^{\circ}$  even the oats lose their courage, the pine degenerates, no fruit save the currant will ripen.

The farther north we travel, the more wonderfully rapid is the progress of vegetation when the snows have fairly disappeared. In the neighbourhood of Hammerfest, the most northern town in Europe, the hay will be carried in the fields that a month before were covered with the white pall of winter. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the grass may be seen to grow. The fact that the sun does not disappear below the horizon prevents the atmosphere from becoming damp during the summer nights—if nights they can be called—and greatly assists farming operations. Nevertheless fine weather cannot be counted upon with certainty, and so the husbandmen literally hang their hay up to dry. They erect hurdles—hay horses they have been facetiously yet correctly called—over which the hay is thrown, and, being then thoroughly exposed to the atmosphere, is quickly dried. In Bergen and the neighbourhood the climate is peculiarly unsettled. No fewer than seventy-three inches of rain fall annually in Bergen, five times as much as at Upsala, on the east coast of Sweden. The Bergeners are compensated by the mildness of their winter, for its average temperature is thirteen degrees higher than that of Christiania. In the interior the cold is far more severe than on the coast. But the frost has its compensations. It converts into firm highways the countless lakes; it enables the people by the aid of their long snow shoes to perform

journeys of great length with much rapidity; it facilitates the transport of produce in the districts where the roads are bad. In some parts, however, the snow renders locomotion almost impossible. In such districts, if a man dies during the winter his corpse is preserved, either in ice or salt, until it is possible to reach the churchyard. Even then the pathway is often so narrow that the dead body has to be fastened astride upon a horse, and thus rides to its own burial. The ghastly tales that have been told of cavalcades of corpses proceeding to a funeral are thus founded on fact.

The land system in Norway has long been the admiration of political economists. Laing, Kay, Thornton, and Mill, have expressed their high approval of it. The land is the property of those who cultivate it. It is *udal* (the German *adel*, noble) as opposed to feudal. The occupier owns it absolutely, instead of being a tenant at will as in this country, and he has to perform no service to any seigneur or lord of the manor, as in British North America. There is no law of primogeniture. The children inherit equally. Of course it may be proved mathematically that in process of time the land will be infinitely divided, until the descendants in the  $n^{\text{th}}$  generation have to partition a single tree among them equally. Equally of course, no such minute subdivision actually occurs. For, first, where there is gavel-kind early and improvident marriages do not take place, and children are fewer; and in the next place, marriage is constantly counteracting the effect of death. Just as the one event tends towards division, so the other tends towards amalgamation; for, the daughters inheriting as well as the sons, the bride brings to her husband a dowry in the shape of an estate, which is added to his. There is, however, one

provision which is by no means for the public advantage. All the kindred of the *udaller* are *odelsbaarn* to the land, and have *odelsbaarn ret*. These terms, which are not only Norsk, but Scotch of the Shetland Islands, mean that the *baarn* or kinsmen (whence the word bairn) have a *ret* or right to the land of which the *udaller* or actual possessor cannot deprive them. He may sell his estate to a stranger; but the *baarn* may, if they please, compel the stranger to sell it to them for the price he has paid. Formerly there was no limit of time as to this power. The result was that the tenure of property was thereby rendered so uncertain that the Government found it necessary to restrict the right to five years. Yet even this modified *ret* is clearly detrimental to any improvement of the land. No one would buy an estate and lay out a large sum of money in developing it, if in any time during five years he was liable to be ousted with no compensation for his improvements, and with nothing but his original purchase money to solace him.

The Norwegian farms consist of three divisions; the in-field, on which are grown the wheat crops and the best hay; the mark, or out-field, for pasturing cattle; and the *säter*, already referred to, which may be thirty or forty miles off, and upon the moorland attached to which the cattle feed during the short summer. An average farm will contain about 290 acres without the *säter*; the rent of it would be 200 dollars (about 45*l.*), the taxes 36 dollars (about 8*l.*), and the value 4000 dollars (about 888*l.*). The soil being for the most part sandy, the wheat crops are liable to be burnt, or to be injured by premature frosts. These frequently occur during the last week in August, and the three closing nights of the

month are called "iron nights," and too often blast the fairest harvest. Rye is the most cultivated cereal: next to that come oats, out of which is made the *fladbröd*, the large thin loaves which constitute the staple bread of the country. After these crops come flax and potatoes. Other vegetables are almost unknown. It is probably owing to this cause and to the large consumption of salt fish that scorbutic diseases are so common in Norway. At Bergen, one of the most noted institutions is the hospital of lepers, who present a most ghastly spectacle. A more agreeable subject of contemplation is the corn-banks which exist in many parts of Norway. These banks supply the absence of markets. They are magazines in which the farmer who has more corn than he needs to supply his wants, deposits the surplus. During the time it remains there he receives at the rate of one-eighth of increase per annum, so that if he deposits eight bushels he can take out nine at the end of a year. The corn deposited is lent to other farmers who have not enough: they pay for it at the rate of one-fourth of increase per annum, so that if they borrow eight bushels for a year they will have to repay ten bushels. The profit defrays the cost of management, such as the expense of building and the salary of the clerk. The work of the farm is carried on by "housemen." These are married farm servants who hold cottages with land on the skirts of each farm, at a fixed rent, for two lives—that of the cottar tenant, and that of his widow—under the obligation of furnishing a certain number of days' work at a certain rate of wages. The landlord cannot remove them so long as the stipulated rent and work are paid. Pauperism is very little known in Norway. But every farmer is bound to provide a home and board for a pauper



either throughout the whole or portion of a year, and in return the pauper (who is usually old or infirm) gives such slight assistance on the farm as he can render. It may seem at first sight strange that there should be any emigration from a state in which the land-laws are so favourable, the taxes are so light, and the country is so sparsely peopled. Yet, though the whole population of Norway is considerably less than half of that of London, it must be remembered that only a small proportion of the country is habitable. Professor Munch, the chief of Norwegian *savants*, states that not more than one-tenth of the country can be tilled. Consequently there is a numerous and steady emigration of the peasantry to the United States, especially to Wisconsin, in which state there is a large Norwegian colony. The connection between the two countries is very apparent to the traveller in Norway. He will find in most of the "stations" engravings of battles during the American civil war, engravings in which the Federals are always successful over the Confederates.

From the land we pass to the sea, from the *bonder*, as the peasant farmers are called, to the fishermen. These form a very important and numerous class in Norway. The approach of a fishing *jagt* will make itself apparent to the nose as well as to the eye, and Mr. Mathieu Williams, author of "Through Norway with a Knapsack," avers that he has been awakened out of a sound sleep by the odour of one of these fishing fleets, as it neared the steamer in which he was. The craft used in fishing are, as he says, "not addicted to high speed, but they are indifferent to any amount of sea, and if they struck upon a rock they would probably rebound and go on as if nothing had happened." It was in such vessels, he sup-



poses, that the "old sea-kings crossed the Atlantic and traded with America centuries before Columbus discovered the New World." The fisheries are carried on along the whole coast of Norway, from the Naze, its southernmost point, past the North Cape to the Varanger Fjord, close to the Russian frontier. They are divided into three distinct groups : the Loffoden, the Romsdal, and the Finmark fisheries. The first of these is the most important. It is conducted in the great West Fjord. This is the most extensive on the coast of Norway, and has a communication with the ocean independent of its sixty miles of broad entrance by numerous narrow sounds. In this fjord the water is so deep that the lead will scarcely reach the bottom. It is between these islands that the far-famed Mälstrom is found. Its evil reputation is quite undeserved. "This whirlpool, which our geography books used to tell us would suck in big whales, to say nothing of ships, which approached within a mile or two of it, is so little thought of by the inhabitants," says Mr. Crowe in a consular report, "that they pass and repass it in their frail vessels at all states of the tide, except at certain times in the winter season, and, far from drawing in whales and other things that come within its range, it appears to be a favourite resort of the fish of the country, and the fishermen reap a rich piscatorial harvest from its bosom." In fact, the greatest rate of the tide at the Mälstrom even in winter does not exceed six miles an hour.

The Loffoden fishery gives lucrative employment during three or four months of the year to nearly 30,000 persons. In the beginning of February the fish set in from the ocean, and occupy the banks in the West Fjord. The fish are caught partly by line, and partly by net. The

inspectors appointed by the Government portion out the fjord between the two sets of fishermen, line fishers having the inside, and net fishers the outside of a given boundary. The fishermen work in companies, each of which has its own fishing ground regularly marked out. The inspectors have no longer the same control over the fishing gear that they used to have. They are, however, invested with large powers as maritime police, and have authority to treat summarily all disputes and offences in connection with the fisheries. During the period from January 16th to April 14th, 1866, they dealt with 141 offences, of which by far the larger number (110) consisted of drawing nets before the morning signal, and placing them out before the evening signal. Fines were levied to the amount of 349 dollars, the greater portion of which fell to the State, which incurred an expense of 8,457 dollars in superintending this fishery. Besides the inspectors, medical officers are provided by the Government, and they reported that in about 33,000 persons there were thirty-six cases of typhus, and sixteen of pneumonia, and thirteen of these patients died. After careful investigation, the Government have come to the conclusion that the fewer restrictions they impose the better; and as the tendency of legislation is to remove all existing barriers, it is to be hoped that the absurd regulation by which fishermen are forbidden to take down stock fish (the cod dried on poles) before June 12th, or to hang it up after April 14th, will be abrogated. The object of this regulation was to secure a uniform quality in the curing of the fish; but as the weather is variable, it is manifest that the prescribed period may be too short in one year, and too long in another. The stock fish are not split, but are dried whole, and are exported to Roman

Catholic Germany, Austria, and Italy. All cod caught after April 14th are prepared as klip fish, that is, they are split open, salted down, and packed flat. The visitor to Norway may see them lying about on the rocks and islands of the fjords baking in the hot sun. When properly dried they are as hard as a board, and require soaking for a couple of days before they are fit to eat. The klip fish go to Spain. The salt fish go to Russia; and so much importance does the Russian Government attach to this source of food-supply, that they have specially exempted the Norwegian raw and salted fish from duty in ports of the White Sea. The cod fishery has become a more lucrative employment since the oil obtained from the livers has been used extensively for medicinal purposes. The oil manufacture has become a most important industry at Bergen. Beside the Loffoden fishery are the Romsdal and the Finmark fisheries. These are not under the inspection of the Government. The total yield of cod in 1866 was about forty millions, which, computed at the current prices on the fishing grounds, represent about one million sterling.

It is not, however, only from the cod that cod-liver oil is obtained. It is derived largely from the shark. Norway lying, as a large part of it does, within the Arctic Circle, is yet visited by two inhabitants of the tropical world, the shark and the mosquito. The visitor to Hammerfest is sorely troubled by the latter creature; the Norwegian fishermen give a good account of the former. There are no fewer than four specimens of the shark tribe in these high latitudes, and they extend throughout the Arctic Ocean. The fishery commences at 68° and extends to the North Cape. The banks on which the fish are found are not quite continuous, as occasional breaks, or deeps, are

met with. These are supposed to be valleys or rifts like the fissures on the mainland, which now form the deep fjords, and it is thought that the banks are simply continuations of the mountain ridges. The vessels employed on the shark fishery range from twenty to thirty tons, and are manned with a crew of sixteen. They lie at anchor on the banks, with 150 to 200 fathoms of water, and a box perforated with holes, and containing refuse blubber, is attached to the line, so that the oil escaping it may act as a decoy to the main bait, which consists of some fish or of seal-blubber. As soon as the shark is hauled to the surface of the water, a smart blow is struck upon his nose, which stuns him. A large hook at the end of a pole, attached to a strong tackle, is then driven into the fish, and by this means he is hoisted upon the deck. The liver is then taken out, the stomach is inflated with wind, so as to keep the fish afloat when it is thrown back into the sea. In this way the fishermen suppose that no harm is done to the fishing grounds. The length of the shark varies from ten to eighteen feet. Its value depends upon the size of the liver, and the yield varies from fifteen to sixty gallons of fine oil for each fish. The longest species of the shark is found below the 60th parallel of latitude, and is caught with a harpoon. It is sometimes forty feet long, and usually appears during the hottest weather. The fish is seen basking on the surface of the water with one fin erect, and as he usually follows a boat the fishermen suppose that he mistakes the sail for the fin of a fellow shark. Catching him is a work of some peril, for no sooner does he feel the harpoon than he dives, and unless the line attached to the weapon is allowed to run out very rapidly, he would drag the vessel under water. A fat fish usually gets exhausted in four hours, a lean

fish will sometimes hold out for twenty-four. There is one kind of shark which is considered rather a delicacy, and having been dried it is exported to Sweden, where it is much appreciated.

The diminution of the sharks has led to a large increase in the number of herrings. The cod fishery employs a larger capital ; but the herring fishery is carried on over a larger extent of coast. It is divided into three seasons, the winter or spring herring fishery, the summer herring fishery, and the pilchard herring fishery. The first of these has from the earliest times been a source of wealth to the Scandinavian sea-board, and it is the most important of the three. This fishery has been subject to some strange suspensions. Although since the ninth century it had been looked upon as a regular source of wealth, in 1567 the fish disappeared altogether, and it is not until 1700 that we have any authentic accounts of an abundant and regular fishery. From that date until 1808 it fluctuated, with longer and shorter intervals. In that year the herring entirely left the coast of Sweden, and has not been seen there subsequently ; but since that time the supply on the coast of Norway has been regular and abundant. The most extensive fishing grounds lie between the Naze and Bergen. The best fishings begin in January and end in March. The shrill cries of the seabirds and the spouting of the whales denote the first approach of the welcome visitor. The average annual yield is about 500 million fish, which are worth free on board in a Norwegian port about 650,000*l*. The number of persons interested in the Norwegian sea fisheries is about 150,000, or more than a tenth of the total population. The fishermen actually engaged in catching the fish sail up and down the coast, according to the reports

which they hear of the so-called "sights," that is, straw herrings, sea-birds, whales, &c. Formerly the great distance which they had to go before reaching the shoals led to constant disappointments, and the catch was frequently lost for want of hands to capture the fish. Recently telegraph stations have been erected at the principal points along the coast, and the inspectors cause daily notices of the appearance and position of the shoals to be posted at each station. "Field" telegraphs are kept in readiness to be joined on to the main line, and thus the slightest movement of the shoals is carefully watched and communicated. "It is a curious sight," says Mr. Crowe, "to witness the sudden exodus of thousands of fishermen, with their train of salters and buyers, with boats, barrels, and appliances, hastening to a distant place at the call of the wire. The men seem to prize highly this valuable coadjutor, and when the catch is attributable chiefly to its agency, they call the fish "telegraph herring." Sweden, Russia, and the Baltic ports are the chief markets for the Norwegian herring. The Scotch and the Dutch herring command a higher price than the Norwegian, and the last is unable to obtain a footing in the Mediterranean and the Black Sea ports.

England divides with Norway the European reputation for sea fisheries ; but Norway stands foremost in its celebrity as the head-quarters of the salmon and the trout. The streams of Scotland and Wales will not vie with the Scandinavian rivers in the abundance or the size of their fish. Numerous works have been written upon this branch of Norwegian sport by enthusiastic anglers. The volumes written by "The Oxonian in Norway" (Mr. Metcalfe), and the late Rev. Henry Newland, are especially full of information on this subject. Lady Di Beauclerk in her

very sketchy and superficial work has something to say on this point ; and as both she and her mother, the Duchess of St. Albans, attained some notoriety as anglers during their stay in Romsdalen, they speak with a certain degree of authority. Unfortunately for the piscator of moderate means, the luxury of salmon fishing in Norway is every year becoming less attainable. Trout, indeed, he may still catch, and if he is content with the smaller fish he will find plentiful amusement. But if he require the excitement of a battle-royal with a salmon of 30 lb., he must be prepared to pay for it. The Udaller has discovered two facts of late years—that Englishmen are very fond of sport, and that many of them are ready to pay handsomely in order to enjoy it. Consequently the rivers that used to be free to the sportsman now have to be hired by him. The rent, moreover, is constantly increasing. 100*l.* is a very low figure now ; as much as 500*l.* is paid for some rivers, and as the tenant is allowed to retain only one-fifth of the fish he catches, he is really not only paying handsomely to, but working hard for, the fortunate owner of the river. The whole money does not go into his pocket : there is a middle man, the London fishing-tackle maker, who rents of him, and sub-lets, and, of course, makes a substantial profit to cover the risk. The result is that the selling price of salmon has so advanced of late years that at Christiansand, the port nearest to England, it is as high as a shilling the pound. It is considerably lower in the interior, as well it may be when the traveller in reply to his question "*Kan jeg faa noget at spise ?*" (Can I get anything to eat ?) receives the same reply day after day in the shape of "*Lax*" (salmon), or, more probably, "*Lax-forelle*" (salmon-trout), until he has learnt thoroughly to sympathise with the apprentices of



Exeter, who, a hundred years ago, stipulated in their indentures that they were not to be required to eat salmon more than twice a week. The Norwegians are almost as dainty in their way. They have a very strong objection to eating fish which is not brought alive to their doors. They are a people of extremes in this particular. Either their fish must be swimming about or it must be dried to the consistency of a mahogany table.

It may fairly be doubted if the "ramrod" will find himself repaid by a visit to Norway, even though the "fishing-rod" should be. There are still birds to be shot; there are grouse, plover, capercaillie, blackcock, and ptarmigan; but, as Mr. Laing remarked thirty-six years ago, the birds are so few in proportion to the extent of the country that one has need of seven-league boots to get a good bag. During the last twenty-five years game has been protected by law during certain seasons of the year. The game laws extend also to the reindeer and the elk. These scarcely need protection. They are so well able to take care of themselves that a sportsman may spend a summer on the fjelds and not come within range of one of them. In Lapland they are to be seen domesticated in herds of perhaps 200; but from the old stalking-grounds of the Dovrefjeld and the Fillefjeld they have all but disappeared. The bear is still more rarely seen in any parts of Norway which are accessible to ordinary persons. The reward of five dollars offered by the Government for every bear taken has, probably, led this by no means unsagacious animal to betake himself to districts where the blood-money is not likely to be earned. There is another animal which is much less formidable as to size, but is a great deal more unpopular than the bear. This is the lemming, a species of field rat, concerning which the most



extraordinary tales are told. The lemming is as hateful to the Norwegian as the frog was to the Egyptian, and is really almost as destructive as the locust. He travels in large armies, he crosses glaciers, climbs mountains, swims rivers, and all the time they are travelling he and his companions are in constant danger of falling victims to the hawk, the owl, and to man. There used to be a special lemming litany, which contained a most elaborate curse upon this little creature, a curse which for its stringency was worthy of the most orthodox theologian denouncing a heretic. Even now there is a remembrance of this prayer or exorcism kept up in Fillefjeld, only instead of praying and cursing on Lemming-day the people simply abstain from work and go to sleep. For the lemming there is no game law. Indeed, as regards game, properly so called, the provisions of the law are very loosely observed. It is scarcely possible that they should be otherwise in a country where the station-master has often no other means of supplying the wants of his guests than by the harvest of his gun. In one instance the law seems to be strictly enforced, in that of the eider duck. It is rigorously forbidden to kill this bird, for it is too valuable a member of society to be butchered to make an Englishman's holiday. The eider duck builds its nest of marine plants and lines it with down of exquisite softness, which the female plucks from her own breast. When she has stripped herself, her mate follows her example. Each nest during the breeding season produces about a quarter of a pound of down when it has been picked and cleaned. It is so firm and elastic that the same quantity which can be pressed between the two hands will serve to stuff a quilt. One of these quilts is always considered a suitable offering from a Norsk lover to his betrothed.

There is one produce of Norway which deserves special notice. This country is the head-quarters of the ice-trade. Wenham Lake is in North America, but "Wenham Lake ice" comes from the neighbourhood of Christiania. The company which was started several years ago to sell American lake ice found there was so much waste in the voyage across the Atlantic, that it was necessary to look out for a supply nearer home. The tourist in Switzerland gets his ice from the glacier-fed streams that come down from the mountains, bearing congealed masses, which the waiter cleverly fishes out of the water just before the *table d'hôte*. Manifestly it was impossible to convey these fragments of the glaciers of Mont Blanc across Europe to London dinner-tables. The Wenham Company, therefore, turned their attention to Norway. In that country they found ice of the finest quality largely consumed. It is even put into the water which is supplied to travellers on the railway between Christiania and Lake Mjösen. As we have already mentioned, the winter is much more severe in the south than in the north of Norway, and it was, therefore, in the vicinity of the capital that the Company found that for which they sought. \*Near Dröback, on the Christiania Fjord, they purchased a large lake of fresh water, which was generally frozen to a considerable depth during the long winter. In order that the water might be kept perfectly pure, they bought up the bordering land, and they rigidly forbid the use of any manure upon it, and prevent any surface drainage from flowing into the lake. When the ice-harvest season has arrived, ice-ploughs divide out the ice into squares. Wedges are then driven in, and the surface is thus broken up into blocks. These are conveyed away into store-houses, and are sprinkled with sawdust to prevent them from freezing into one

gigantic mass as they would otherwise do. The same precaution is used in shipping the ice to England. There its exceeding purity and freshness secure for it a comparatively high price, and though ice has not yet become the daily luxury of the middle classes, no upper class dinner-table would be thought complete without it. Perhaps if we had a few more summers like that of 1868 it would be considered indispensable by all classes, and the company would find its business so increased as to be compelled, if not to pull down its barns and build greater, at least to purchase additional lakes in Norway. Our American visitors would then cease to complain of the absence of a commodity which custom has rendered almost indispensable to them.

As regards the *physique* of its people, Norway is a country of extremes. The tourist, by one of Messrs. Wilson's steamers, from Hull to Christiania, makes his first acquaintance with Norwegians at Christiansand. Traversing the rectangular streets of this somewhat prim town, he is struck by the tallness of the inhabitants. Men over six feet high seem to be the rule. In fact, the average Norwegian is as much taller than the average Englishman as the latter is than the average Frenchman. It becomes more of a mystery than ever why Norwegian beds should always be less than six feet long. In fact, the people of Southern Norway are so like the English, that no casual observer seeing the two together would notice any difference between them save that of height. The dress is the same, and the girls at Christiansand and Christiania might have attired themselves at a shop in Oxford Street. It is necessary to go into the interior for some distance before the tourist sees any of those varied and handsome costumes which are displayed in the photograph shops of the

capital. In Tellemarken, and in the Hardanger district, the costumes are particularly elaborate and picturesque. It is only in the former district that the men thus array themselves. A Tellemarken peasant, in his Sunday's best, calls up remembrance of the English cavaliers, whereas in Hardanger he wears an ordinary boatman's dress. In Romsdalen and Gudbrandsdalen the male peasants wear a scarlet cap, which makes them very conspicuous. Nothing, however, will compare with the snow-white wing of many plaits which the Hardanger matron wears on her head. The maiden must be content to go bare-headed, with pigtails hanging down, and tied with ribbons. But the married woman arrays herself in a stomacher of matchless bead-work, and in the aforesaid head-dress, which recalls, though it is not quite so wonderful as, the caps of the women in Normandy and Brittany. Yet, after all, the dress is a secondary matter; there is the far more important one of race. The Lapps in the extreme north are as short and stunted as the Southern Norwegians are tall. The two people are altogether different in origin as well as in appearance. His stunted form and Chinese eyes, and dark complexion, are sure signs that the Lapp belongs to the Slavonic family, just as the blonde hair and the sanguine tint of skin denote membership of the Teutonic. The Quaens are the gipsies of Scandinavia, whose origin puzzles the ethnologist. Both Norwegians and Lapps are remarkable for their honesty. The tourist may leave his luggage upon his carriage all night in the open highway. It is only straps and whips which seem too much for Norsk virtue.

The Lapps differ from their fellow-countrymen in being very nomadic. They wander from place to place with their herds of reindeer, and as their huts are by no means

costly erections, they have not any counter-attraction to keep them stationary. Fond as they are of moving their homes, the Lapps are exceedingly attached to their country. Those who have been brought to England, and have remained here for some time, have never forgotten their birthplace, and have returned thither on some favourable opportunity. On the other hand, the Norwegian of the south does not travel much in his own country, is kept by his farm in one place, yet it is he who makes the long voyage across the Atlantic, he who peoples Wisconsin. In point of education and civilisation the Lapps are centuries behind the Norwegians. In one respect the fact is greatly to their credit, in another it is greatly to the discredit of the latter people. It is creditable that a race so "weak, simple and gentle," as Mr. Mathieu Williams has described the Lapps to be, should never have been molested by their more powerful neighbours. Had they been Maoris, and the Norwegians Englishmen, the fate of these Arctic inhabitants would have been very different. True, it may be said that in a country so sparsely peopled as Norway there is not the same reason for a collision of races as there is in the colonies which we have peopled, and where the natural population has disappeared before the colonists, by what men like Mr. Roebuck choose to consider an inevitable law. Nevertheless, the Lapps have property which is not without attractions to Norwegian eyes. A wealthy Lapp will possess from 1,000 to 2,000 reindeer, and the value of these animals is as well understood in the south as in the north. But there is the reverse to this picture. The Lapps have been let alone, and they have been too much let alone. If the Storthing has not passed laws to their disadvantage, it has done scarcely anything for them. Except that a few

missionaries have of late years visited them, the Lapps have been left almost entirely without either spiritual or secular education. Even when missionaries did visit them, the results were at first most disastrous, and the conversion of the people to Christianity was accompanied by acts of violence, including even murder. The ringleaders of the riot in which these lamentable transactions took place, were tried, two were executed and eight were condemned to penal servitude for life. This was, perhaps, a worse punishment than death to men accustomed to incessant wanderings. Four of the eight soon pined away and died ; the rest, when they were visited by Mr. Bowden, appeared to have become contented with their lot.

Lutheranism is the religion of Norway. The country is divided into five bishoprics, and 336 parishes. Extensive as these parishes must be, when the average size of one is 362 square miles, several parishes are frequently held by one incumbent. This undesirable state of things is due in great measure to the Reformation. Whatever may have been the advantages of that event so far as doctrinal teaching is involved, there is no doubt that Norway suffered from it so far as the external organisation of the Church is concerned. Few countries, as the late Mr. Newland has pointed out in his "*Forest Scenes in Norway and Sweden*," have endured such extensive spoliation of ecclesiastical property. Three hundred years ago the people had to choose between an ill-paid clergy of inferior social position and a well-paid clergy with unmanageably large parishes. They chose the latter alternative. As a consequence, parishes became amalgamated into districts, the pastors became the most wealthy inhabitants therein, and proper church work became simply impossible. A parish priest gets, on an

average, from 200*l.* to 380*l.*, besides a large glebe ; a bishop receives about 900*l.* a year ; and if these figures seem small as compared with those which prevail in the Church of England, it must be remembered that money will purchase, at least, twice the amount of commodities in Norway that it will purchase in England. With such extensive districts as we have described, it is manifestly impossible that there can be regular weekly celebrations of divine service. In some districts the churches of all the amalgamated parishes are still kept in repair, and in those of lesser importance, the *annexkyrker*, as they are called, service is occasionally performed as a protest in behalf of their spiritual rights on the part of the parishioners. As the clergy are eligible to the Norwegian Parliament, and, being the best educated and the wealthiest inhabitants of a parish, are frequently elected, the difficulty of securing effectual parochial supervision is still further increased. The government attempts to meet the case of a rector absent on his parliamentary duties by supplying the parish with a substitute for so long as the rector sits in the Storting. The relations between the Church and the State are in no country, save the Papal States, so closely identified as they are in Norway. At the same time we have Mr. Newland's testimony that nowhere is the standard of popular education so high, nowhere is the standard of popular morality so low ; nowhere is the respect for religion so great, nowhere is the ignorance of religion so profound. Mr. Newland, as a member of the Anglo-Catholic party, had his explanation for this state of things. Norway, as he said, is not in communion with England. Strictly speaking, neither the Norwegian nor the Danish Church is a church at all, but is only a religious establishment. Of



Sweden he had doubts. Everything—valid orders, valid sacraments, the presence of the Holy Spirit—depended upon an historical statement the accuracy of which it is now impossible to ascertain.

“At the Reformation, Matthias, Bishop of Strengnas, and Vincent, Bishop of Skara, had been beheaded by Christiern, and on the other side Canute the Archbishop, and Peter, Bishop of Westeras, had been beheaded by his rival Gustavus, so that at the final Diet of Westeras, when the decision was finally given for the Reformation, only four bishops were present, of whom it is said that only Bishop Brask had been duly consecrated; two others, Haraldsen and Semmar, being only bishops-elect. The results of that diet caused Brask to go into voluntary exile, and as all communion with Rome was thereby broken off, the question of the succession hinges on the fact that Gustavus had previously sent Bishop Magnussen, elect of Skara, to be consecrated at Rome. This fact has been questioned.”

It is an interesting archæological question, doubtless, though when Mr. Newland attempts to make it a theological one, he seems to be doing his utmost to parody the doctrine of “the Succession.” For Norway there is not, according to him, even the remote possibility of being a part of the Catholic Church that there is for Sweden. There is not even a question as to whether a Bishop Magnussen did or did not take an excursion to Rome. Consequently the Swedes do not feel themselves at liberty to communicate in Norwegian Churches, although they and Mr. Newland did not object to be present at *ottesang* (matins), *aftensang* (vespers), and even at *högmässe* (high mass).

While the author of “Forest Scenes” attributes the low spiritual life of Norway to the fact that a Norwegian bishop did not take the trouble to go to Rome three centuries ago, it may fairly be doubted if it is not due rather to the almost entire absence of dissent, and to



the thorough identification of the Church with the State. It cannot be said that the Norwegians are intolerant, yet the Norsk Wesley met with as little favour from the State as his English prototype from the Church. Hans Nielsen Hauge (born 1771) endeavoured to stir up the people, and created a species of revival among the peasantry. He was, perhaps, rather Calvinistic in his views, but certainly did not intend to secede from the Church, or to induce other persons to do so. Yet he was accused of exciting his hearers against the clergy, and they succeeded in getting a royal commission appointed to inquire into his alleged heresy. The commission sat nine years; during the whole of that time Hauge was in prison, and at the end of it he was sentenced to a further term of two years' imprisonment, the payment of all costs, and a fine of 5,000 rix-dollars. During his seclusion he read many theological books, and these, or else his punishment, so far modified his opinions, that when he came out of prison he abandoned his wandering life, and settled down on a farm near Christiania. He died forty-six years ago, but the sect still exists; and their religious service is the subject of one of Tidemand's best-known pictures. Another sect was founded at Skien by Vicar Lammers, who actually seceded from the Church. He declared against infant baptism, substituting for it the laying on of hands; he celebrated the Holy Communion once a month, each person taking the elements for himself, and no one being compelled to make confession, or to receive absolution previously; he considered marriage a civil contract; and he buried the dead in solemn silence. It should be said to the credit of the Norwegian Church, that if it is somewhat rigorous against schism, it does not generally induce schism by over-strictness. Mr. Metcalfe,

in his very interesting volumes, "The Oxonian in Norway," points out that when a layman has a desire to preach, and is qualified to do so, the clergy place no hindrance in his way, but actually announce his intention, and offer facilities for their people to hear him. In this way the Norwegian Church utilises that lay energy which the English Church has so unwisely rejected, to the great increase of seceders from her communion. Romanism has scarcely any hold in Norway. There is one Roman Catholic chapel in Christiania, but this is frequented mainly by foreigners. At Bergen there is a curious old church, called the German church, and in which until 1868, service was conducted in the German language for the benefit of the descendants of the Hanseatic colony, which for a long time conducted most of the commerce of that port. The Quakers have a very small following in Norway, chiefly at Stavanger. It arose from the circumstance that certain Norwegian prisoners in England, during the wars with Napoleon, were visited by some Quakers, who showed them so much kindness that when the prisoners returned home they took their benefactors' religion with them. Since then the Mormons have obtained some considerable standing in Norway. The Norwegian Church has its differences of opinion, but they constitute rather schools of thought than rival parties. That which answers to the English High Church party had Grundtvig, the hymn-writer, for its leader, while Mynster led the Low Church party.

One of the strongest supports of clerical influence in Norway, and, perhaps, the principal source of unity in religious matters, is the rite of Confirmation. To this the utmost importance is attached. It is not only the ordeal requisite for admission to the Holy Communion,

but it is also the passport to all employments in civil life. No one who has not been confirmed can hold any public office ; practically such person would find it almost impossible to obtain private employment. The fact that he had not been confirmed would imply either mental or moral incapacity. So well is this understood, that in advertisements of persons or places wanted, the word "confirmed" is used where we should use the word experienced or adult. Even in the tariff of food on board a steamer, a different price is asked for "confirmed" and for "unconfirmed" passengers. At the same time confirmation is no mere form administered as a matter of course. It bears no likeness to the reception of the Communion with us in the old days, before the repeal of our Test and Corporation Acts. With us the Sacrament was prostituted for political purposes. With the Norwegians the rite is made the completion of the youth's mental and moral training. The utmost pains are bestowed by the clergy in preparing their catechumens. For six months prior to confirmation there are weekly classes at the *præstgaard* (rectory), at which all candidates are expected to be present, and are present, even though they should have to travel twenty miles. Arrived at the *præstgaard*, the two sexes are arranged in different portions of the room, and are then taught and examined. It is not until the *præst* is well satisfied of the candidates' fitness that he will consent to their being confirmed. The rite is rendered the more impressive by the fact that it is administered by the parochial clergy. Instead of the catechumens being brought up, as in the English Church, to a bishop whom they have never seen before, whom they may never see again, who is ignorant of their names, and cannot possibly take any interest in them ; they appear

before the clergyman who has been preparing them for the past half-year, who has known them all their lives, and who is in very fact a "father in God" to them. Very solemn and very simple is the service. "Say Ole Olessen," (speaks the pastor, naming each candidate in turn), "will you resist the devil and all his works, and keep God's holy will and commandments so long as you shall live?" The candidate answers, "Yes." "Well, give me your hand," replies the pastor, and taking it as a pledge of sincerity, he places his hand on the candidates and administers the blessing. The funeral service is less edifying than confirmation. It is considered an essential part of the former rite that the clergyman should pour mould upon the coffin, and say, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." So much importance is attached to this ceremony that if, as may sometimes happen in these enormous parishes, it should be necessary to bury the dead without waiting for the clergyman, an orifice is kept open in the grave, through which he may, on his arrival, pour the accustomed earth. The celebration of the Holy Communion is accompanied with a great deal of ritual, which is the more marked in consequence of the architectural plainness of the churches. There are three distinct divisions in all the services,—the prayers of the priest, the responses of the choir, and the hymns of the people. At communion the priest is attired in a crimson velvet chasuble, and kneels, while the *candidatus* (the young man who has recently entered holy orders, and answers to the English curate) goes down the aisle noticing those who intend to communicate, so as to prevent any from partaking who have not previously given in their names and made their *communionskrift*, the only confession required in the Norwegian Church. Each

communicant wears something grey or black, in memory of the Lord's death. The oblations are laid on the altar with great ceremony. After the consecration of the elements, the communicants are arranged in four divisions : the married men, the married women, the unmarried men, and the unmarried women. They are distinguishable by their different costumes. They kneel in the aisle while the non-communicants stand around chanting the *Agnus Dei*, and bowing their heads as the elements are administered. There is then a general thanksgiving, a hallelujah, and the service concludes with the benediction, during which the priest makes the sign of the cross.

The Norwegian clergy are very highly educated, and obtain admissions into the ministry only after passing very severe examinations. The *candidatus*, or newly-ordained clergyman, generally serves at first as curate in one of the large districts in which there are several *annex-kyrker*. Thence he is promoted to some sole charge in the remoter districts of Norway, probably in Finmark or the Loffoden Islands, and, after ten years' service, obtains preferment in the more populous and civilized parts of the country. Church patronage is in the hands of the bishops and of the Council of State. The bishop recommends and the council presents, but every appointment, with all the candidates' applications, and certificates, with the grounds of preference of the one to whom the living is given, must be inserted in a protocol of the council, which is examined in the Storthing by a committee of Church affairs. There is a very wise arrangement whereby a clergyman past work may retire with a superannuation, which is charged against the income of his successor. There is also a widow's farm attached to each glebe, so that on the death of a rector his wife is not (as in the

English Church) driven forth from her old home without any place of shelter. These wise provisions tend to prevent the scandal, too often seen in the English Church, of ministers clinging to their posts long after the power to perform their duties has ceased. Of church architecture in Norway there is little to say. Throandhem cathedral is interesting for antiquity, and is one of the oldest ecclesiastical edifices in Europe. The wooden churches of Borgund and Hitterdal are remarkable for their eccentricity—they resemble Chinese pagodas ; and for their endurance—they are about 600 years old. A third church of this kind was removed by the King of Prussia, and erected in Pomerania, as a curiosity.

In Norway education is widely diffused, but is not carried to a very high point, except in the case of the clergy. The lower classes are well educated ; but the few men of science whom the country has produced have found it useless to bring out their works in Norway, and have gone to Copenhagen or else to Germany, for a publisher. Artists meet with the same discouragement. There are exhibitions of pictures yearly at Christiania and Bergen, but they are very meagre, for patrons are few. Tidemand, the *facile princeps* of Norwegian painters, has long resided at Düsseldorf, and makes excursions to his native country only in order to obtain subjects. Some of the Norsk national airs are exceedingly plaintive and beautiful, yet the Norsk people are not a musical race, and though Ole Bull, the violinist, is living on an estate which he has purchased with his earnings, they were obtained in the United States. Nevertheless, it may fairly be questioned if the absence of such culture as is found among the English upper class is not compensated for by an intelligence among the Norsk peasantry, with whom our

own ignorant and stolid labourers contrast most sadly. There is, of course, no reason why we should not possess both education, which is the right of the many, and culture, which is the privilege of the few. We already have the second : we might have the first if we would but adopt the Norwegian system of popular education. There has been a national system for 130 years. It underwent a complete revision in 1860. The law orders that every child must be taught. The children of the poorest classes are, as soon as they are eight years old, compelled to attend the National schools at least twelve weeks in the year, which are so arranged that they shall not interfere with important agricultural operations. Such compulsion does not exist if the parents can prove that they are giving their children a proper education at home. The subjects taught at the national schools are religious knowledge, selected portions of geography, natural history, and general history, singing in classes, figures, reading and writing. Free schools and the payment of the master are under the control of the municipalities, and they are regularly inspected and visited by the bishops and the governors of the respective provinces. As the parishes are often large, and the population is widely scattered, it is common to divide a parish into circuits (*kreds*). A circuit is provided with a peripatetic schoolmaster, who moves from place to place, inquiring into the education of the children, and usually residing at a farm house, collects the nucleus of a school. When he finds that the houses in a neighbourhood are sufficiently numerous to supply an average attendance of at least thirty children, he reports to his superiors, who send down an inspector to decide if a permanent school shall be established.

Parents who wish their children to receive something



more than the official minimum of education, send them to the national schools during those months of the year when the ordinary education has ceased. To some schools separate classes are attached for the higher branches of education, such as the close study of the vernacular, foreign languages (especially English), drawing, surveying, and mathematics. But no child can be admitted to these higher classes until it is twelve years old. The schoolmaster being paid by the municipality, he is not exposed to the caprices of parents. Although the education is thus free, the municipality sometimes imposes a small payment, which is given to the master as part of his salary. This arrangement renders it more easy to deal with idle or careless masters. Every schoolmaster has to go through a two years' training, and at the end of that time has to pass a very severe examination. The State pays for his education, and provides him with lodgings. He receives about 25*l.* a year, with a small house and two or three acres of land. Every year the national schoolmasters hold a conference, at which papers bearing upon their occupation are read and discussed. The master's position is well recognised by the Government, and there are no fewer than eight training colleges for their education. No uncertificated master can open a parish school for the education of the poorer classes. Altogether there are three problems settled in Norway with regard to education which we are still endeavouring to solve : compulsory education, schools supported out of the local rates, and the examination and certification of masters. To these may be added the establishment of Government normal schools for the education of masters. The compulsory education does not end with school teaching. The clergy are bound to catechise children publicly,



with a view to preparing them for confirmation. That rite is the passport, as we have seen, to all employments and offices. It is even a pre-requisite for marriage. In other words, the State will not suffer a person to marry who cannot read and write. To append one's mark to the marriage register would be a grievous scandal.

The University of Christiania, being at the extreme south of Norway, is not readily available to a large portion of the inhabitants. Nevertheless it is an improvement upon the old arrangement, under which it was necessary for students to betake themselves to Copenhagen. The education given at Christiania is general rather than special, and it is questionable if too many subjects are not required in the examinations. Mr. Bowden states that before a candidate can be admitted into holy orders he must know the classics, Hebrew, chemistry, botany, and natural history ; all subjects which he may find extremely useful in relieving the *ennui* of a *præstgild* in Finmark or the Loffoden Islands, but certainly in no other way. The course of study being so comprehensive is necessarily long, and extends over six years. This involves a considerable pecuniary outlay on the part of the student, the more so as living in Christiania is much dearer than in any other part of Norway. Consequently the benefits of a university training are confined to the class which can afford to pay a substantial sum for education. The University provides no rooms for the students. These have to live in lodgings, and they wear no distinctive dress except a cap. Having so long a period of training to undergo, they begin it at an early age, and the freshmen are mere boys. The University confers no degrees, but the student who has passed his examination is termed a *candidatus*. There are about

600 students altogether. The medical school is highly esteemed, and Norway has had many celebrated physicians. The medical men are paid so much a year according to a fixed tariff, consequently there is no temptation to dose the patient with the whole pharmacopœia. The chemists have to undergo a very severe examination before they can set up in business, and even then they are not allowed to sell any of the more dangerous drugs without the written prescription of a duly qualified practitioner.

The legal arrangements of Norway are particularly well worth study, both on account of their antiquity and of their admirable provisions. The old sea-kings, freebooters though they were, had a more advanced and civilised code than any of the people whose coasts they ravaged. As Mr. Laing has pointed out, before the year 885 the power of law was established over all persons of all ranks and classes, while in the other countries of Europe the independent jurisdictions of the great feudal lords were not broken down till after a contest of ages. Harold Haarfagre expelled or subdued the class of "small kings," as they were called. Even these, however, were subject to law, as we learn from the "*Grey Goose*," the whimsical name given to the ancient Icelandic law book compiled from the edicts of the four Things, or legal jurisdictions, into which Norway was divided before the small kings, whom Harold Haarfagre banished, took refuge in Iceland. Before the eleventh century Scandinavian law provided for the poor, for equal weights and measures, for police, for the punishment of vagrants and beggars, for the maintenance of roads and bridges, for the protection of women and of animals—all subjects which no other European code at that time embraced. These laws were collected into one code by Magnus VII., who died in 1280 ; they

were again revised and codified by Christian IV. in 1604 ; and in 1687 the present code was drawn up. It is contained in a pocket volume, and is to be found in every Norwegian house. It is simple and intelligible ; each law occupies a short paragraph. The modifications and additions by subsequent enactment, and the application of the law to special cases, can, of course, be known only by professional lawyers. The lowest court is the parish court of mutual agreement. In every parish the resident householders elect every third year, from among themselves, a person to be the commissioner of mutual agreement. He must not practise law, and has therefore no temptation to promote litigation. He holds his court once a month, and every case must be brought there before it is taken to the higher courts. A fee of about tenpence is paid by the suitors, and the arbitrator, for such he really is, after hearing what they have to say, endeavours to bring them to an agreement. If both parties agree to his finding, the case is taken to the local court of law, or Sorenskrivers' Court, where the judgment is registered and rendered valid, without further expense. In case the arbitration is not accepted, the appeal is made to that Court, which meets once a quarter. The parties may appear by counsel, but no new matter is allowed to be introduced into the cause, and there is no brow-beating of witnesses nor attempts at forensic cleverness in cross-examination. There are sixty-four of these Sorenskriveries, or Sworn Writers' Courts, and the judges who preside over them must have had a legal education. Above these is the Stifts' Court, or court of the province. This consists of three judges or assessors, and is stationary in each of the provinces into which Norway is divided. From this court there is an appeal to the Hoieste Ret Court, which sits at

Christiania, and has a right to revise even the sentences of a court-martial.

Norman blood is with us the synonym for aristocratic lineage. But the founders of our nobility have none of their own. This is the more remarkable, because Norway is not, like the United States, a country which has grown up without a class of nobles. The absence of any now is due to a direct and decisive act of abolition on the part of the Legislature. This act was the result of the subdivision of the land. It was found that a noble class could not be maintained except as placemen and pensioners, and, therefore, it was resolved to abolish it altogether. A law to that effect passed the Storthing in 1815, and the king exercised his right of veto. At that time, and until the last six years, the Storthing used to meet only once in three years, and as the sovereign had the power to refuse his assent to a measure twice, he could virtually suspend legislation for nine years. That power was exercised by King Charles XIV. (Bernadotte) on this occasion. The Storthing passed its abolition measure again in 1818, and he again vetoed it. In 1821, finding that the Storthing was still determined, and knowing that its act would after the third time of passing become law without his sanction, he resolved on a *coup d'état*, and he marched 6,000 troops to the neighbourhood of the capital. The people were intensely irritated, and there appeared every sign of a bloody collision, when the Russian Minister at the Court of Stockholm and the American *chargé d'affaires* suddenly drove into Christiania, and very shortly afterwards the troops were withdrawn. No reason was assigned for this step, but the Storthing was quite content to be without one, for it had won the day and quietly re-enacted the abolition of the nobility, which then took place. Thus

Norway is a pure democracy, united to the monarchy of Sweden only by the personal tie. The King of Sweden is also King of Norway, or rather, first citizen of Norway. He reigns, but he does not rule. In fact, it may be said that the Norwegians pay him so much a year and provide him with a palace merely for the purpose of opening the Storting. This freedom was secured to them by their brave, and at the same time prudent, conduct in 1814. England, with that strange forgetfulness of the rights of nations into which she fell at the close of the great war, had undertaken ostensibly to protect those rights, yet became a party with Russia to a treaty by which Norway was guaranteed to Sweden in exchange for Finland, provided that the Crown Prince of Sweden (Bernadotte) would join the allies. He accepted this arrangement, and after the battle of Leipsic he marched into Holstein with a considerable force, and compelled Frederic VI. of Denmark to cede Norway to Sweden. Frederic had been the first Danish sovereign to treat Norway with anything like justice, and he it was who founded the University of Christiania. But his predecessors ever since the Union of Kalmar, in 1397, had systematically humiliated the Norwegians, who found that Danes were always preferred to posts of honour and influence. The mild rule of Frederic seems to have effaced the injustice of the previous four and a half centuries ; for not only did the Norwegians resist this forcible transference from Danish to Swedish rule, but even to this day they shew their preference for their ancient oppressors. The Norwegian language is identical with the Danish, but is different from the Swedish. Norway derives its literature almost entirely from Copenhagen. Danish money passes as readily in Norway as the money of the country ; but Swedish is accepted with reluctance.

If this feeling is thus strong now, it may be imagined that it was intense when the iniquitous compact of August 27th, 1812, became known. The Crown Prince Christian of Denmark convoked a national diet, which was composed of 113 representatives of all classes of the people, and met at Eidsvold near Christiania on April 11th, 1814. These representatives drew up a constitution; it is the constitution under which Norway is governed; for though the Norwegians, blockaded by Swedish and British fleets, soon found resistance useless, they had sufficient moral influence to obtain the concession of the liberties which they now enjoy. An armistice and a convention were agreed upon. Christian abdicated the throne of Norway, and Charles XIII. of Sweden was elected in his place, and accepted the constitution of Eidsvold on November 4th, 1814. He was succeeded by Bernadotte as Charles John XIV., and this sovereign ruled until his death in 1844. He was succeeded by his son Oscar I., who gratified the Norwegians by giving them a separate national flag (very similar to that of England), and by decreeing that in all acts relating to Norway, he should be styled King of Norway and Sweden, instead of Sweden and Norway as heretofore. For two years before his death he was incapacitated for government, and his son was regent. He became king under the title of Charles XV. in 1859. He is very popular, and is an accomplished scholar. As he has no son, the crown will, according to the law of Sweden, devolve upon his brother Oscar.

The Storting, or great court, now meets yearly in the handsome building erected for it at Christiania. The rooms are exceedingly handsome and commodious, and the arrangements would well supply our own legislators with useful hints. There is a seat for every member, and he

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sits according to the alphabetical order of the place which he represents. The Storthing is divided into two houses, the Lagthing and the Odelsthing. The Lagthing is composed of a fourth of the members of the Storthing; the remaining three-quarters constitute the Odelsthing. All new bills originate in the latter body, and are sent to the former for acceptance or rejection. Should a measure be rejected, the Odelsthing may demand that the two houses shall sit together, and the final decision is given by a majority of two-thirds of the voters. The Storthing can form itself into a high court of justice for the impeachment of all ministers and officers of State. The executive is formed by a council of State, composed of the Governor-General of Norway, nominated by the King, and seven councillors of State, the heads of as many departments. The Governor-General is invested with merely nominal power, and neither he nor the King has any representative in the Storthing. Every native Norwegian of twenty-five years of age who is a burgess of any town, or possesses property or the life-rent of land to the value of thirty pounds, is entitled to elect to the Storthing, and under the same conditions, if thirty years old, to be elected. The whole country is divided into electoral districts according to population, and is sub-divided according to area. The mode of election is indirect, the people first nominating a number of deputies, on whom devolves the duty of appointing the representatives in the Storthing. At the end of every third year the people meet at the parish church, and choose their deputies, one to fifty voters in towns, and one to a hundred in rural districts. The deputies afterwards assemble, and elect, from among the other qualified voters of the district, the Storthing representatives, in the proportion of one-quarter of the



number of deputies for the towns, and one-tenth for the country. Together with every representative is chosen a substitute, who is bound to take his place in the Storthing, should the member die or be laid aside by sickness. Members of the Storthing are paid about six shillings and sixpence a day during the session. The finances of Norway are in a satisfactory state, and the debt has been reduced of late years. The army is little more than a nominal force. It is supplied partly by conscription, and partly by enlistment. Every Norwegian has to go through a military training, either in the regular army or in the militia. The term of service in the army is nominally five years in the infantry, and seven years in the artillery and the cavalry. But most soldiers are sent on furlough at the end of one or two years. The strength of the army is about 12,000 men. The navy is manned solely by conscription. All sea-faring men and inhabitants of seaports, between the ages of thirty and sixty, are enrolled on the lists of either the active fleet or the naval militia. The numbers on the list are about 48,000, so that on paper Norway has a numerous defensive force. Experience has, however, shown that very little reliance can be placed upon a "paper" force. Fortunately Norway is not at all likely to need any other.

Norway, though it has under a hundred miles of railway, is yet, in some social matters, far in advance of the country which is *par excellence* the land of railways. It has long ago adopted courts of arbitration, a most extended suffrage, compulsory education and examination of the teachers, and a national army. There is one other important matter in which she has preceded ourselves, in legislation against drunkenness. Formerly every farmer was allowed to distil on his farm. The consequence was



that Norway became one of the most drunken countries in Europe. At every festive and social occasion, corn brandy (*finkel*) used to be imbibed to an enormous extent. It was drunk not only at the marriage feast, but at the marriage service, the flask being handed round in church. The same flagrant indecency was perpetrated in the churchyard on Sundays, as the people gathered together and gossiped before worship. At funerals it was customary for every invited guest to walk up to the coffin and empty, in honour of the dead, a glass of brandy and a glass of beer. It was no unusual event for a peasant to prescribe before his death the amount of beer and brandy that was to be consumed at his funeral. The consequence was that by the time the corpse was brought to the churchyard the bearers were often reeling from intoxication. The evil became so great that about a dozen years ago the Government made an elaborate inquiry into the matter, and in 1859 a work was published by Eilert Sundt, a member of the University of Christiania, in which he gave some very startling statistics. After some discussion the Storting forbade the manufacture of *finkel* except in certain licensed distilleries. The sale also was forbidden in the rural districts, so that the farmer wishing to have alcoholic drink in his household must lay in a stock when he visits the capital or some other of the Norwegian towns. Manifestly the difficulty thus put in the way of obtaining the drink weakens the drinking habit. There would be little drunkenness in England were it not that the drink shops stand open at every street corner.

There still remains much to be said respecting the history, the legends, and the antiquities of Norway, but space fails. Enough, I trust, has been told to shew

how well a visit to this country will repay the intelligent traveller who loves to study Nature in her grandest and most beautiful aspects, and his fellow-men in the highest political development. Artist, sportsman, *savant* and political economist, will all find room for more than one summer's tour in this land of the Fjeld, the Fjord, and the Foss.

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### ITINERARY.

It is not easy to give precise directions for the guidance of the tourist in Norway. The country is so vast, the routes are so numerous, the cost of locomotion varies so greatly in different parts, that no itinerary of reasonable length will afford more than a general idea of Norwegian travel. The tour which I myself made two years ago may be taken as a fair illustration. I was accompanied by my wife ; we were travelling thirty-eight days, and our expenses from London to London were 53*l.*, inclusive of the railway fares to and from Hull, but exclusive of the steamer to and from Christiania. The return fare from Hull to Christiania and back is 6*l.* for each person, and 1*l.* per journey is charged for food. Messrs. Wilson, the owners of the North Sea steamers, allow passengers to make use of any on their line, so that it is possible to go to Christiania and return from Bergen or Gottenberg. Adding on the 16*l.* steamer fare and food for two persons, there would be a total of 69*l.*, or about 18*s.* a-day. Old Norwegian travellers would declare this to be a very high sum, but it must be remembered that about 25*l.* of it was spent in getting to and from Norway. The expenditure in Norway was at the rate of about 14*s.* a day on an

average. It was a good deal higher than this in Christiania and Bergen ; in the country it was below that amount. The following would be a full allowance for travelling on the chief roads, that is, where the stations are “fast,” reckoning seven Norwegian miles (about 50 English) as a day’s journey :—

	s.
Hire of horse, carriole, and harness, 7 Norwegian miles, say 11	
Board and lodging (3 meals) . . . . .	3
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It will be at once apparent that the chief item is locomotion. Consequently the longer you remained in one place the less in proportion would be your expenditure. In our own case we were almost constantly on the move ; at only one place did we sleep so many as four nights, and in all others, except Christiania, only two. Moreover, the Norwegian steamer fares are very low. It is no unusual thing to be travelling all day by one of these vessels, and at the end of it to be asked for “*en specie*,” that is one specie dollar, or 4s. 6d. English. If you travelled off the main roads, that is on roads where the stations are “not fast,” seven Norsk miles would cost about nine shillings, and the food would be about a mark and a half, 1s. 4d. a day ; but then it would often be very inferior, and you would be glad to fall back upon your stock of potted meats and biscuits. Pedestrians would spend very little ; if travelling across the mountains they would find it hard to get rid of three shillings a day, but then it must be confessed that they would obtain very

\* An experienced Norwegian traveller, who has made six journeys, says that travelling with his wife his expenses in Norway were considerably less than this amount, and did not exceed ten shillings.

little in the shape of either board or lodging worth paying for. Even on the high roads they would find from 3s. to 4s. a day sufficient. Pedestrianism, though cheap, is not expeditious, and, in a large country like Norway, where the chief centres of scenery are sometimes a long way apart, it would not be wise to trust wholly to one's own limbs. Probably the best plan would be for two travellers to make their tour together, having one carriage from station to station, and each alternately driving and walking. In this way forty English miles a day might be easily accomplished, and the cost of the vehicle to each traveller would be under 5s. a day. The advantages of this arrangement would be that the traveller who walked would not be burdened with any luggage, since this would be placed in the carriage, and that the traveller who drove, arriving before his colleague, would be able to order the carriage in advance for the next stage, and thus have it ready by the time that the walker overtook him. This plan, however, is more economical than sociable. Where money is no object, and a long sea voyage is an object, a heavy sum may be spent before Norway is entered by journeying to it *via* Calais, Cologne, Hamburg, Kiel, Copenhagen, and Christiania. In this way the voyage would be reduced to a minimum, and some interesting cities would be visited, but then the expense would be very much greater.

The routes are so various that it is impossible to describe them all. The handbook published every year by Mr. Bennett, of Christiania, gives a number of tours, but as it would require a good deal of planning to make the excursions fit in, so as to enable the tourist to catch the various steamers, he would do well if unacquainted with Norway to get some experienced person, either an

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old traveller, or Mr. Bennett, to make out a route. The following is that taken by ourselves :—

*July 25.*—Left Hull 10 A.M.

26.—Sighted the Naze 8 P.M.

27.—Put into Christiansand 2 A.M. ; remained there twelve hours and went on shore.

28.—Reached Christiania 5 A.M.

29.—By train to Eidsvold ; by steamer up Lake Mjösen to Lillehammer.

30.—By carriage through the Gudbrandsdal ; slept at Öien, very comfortable.

31.—By carriage to Toftemoen on the Dovre fjeld. The next station, Dombaas, is better for sleeping at.

*August 1.*—By carriage to Ormeim in Romsdalen. Splendid waterfalls between Stueflaaten and Ormeim, and opposite the station at the latter place.

2.—A short drive to Aak. Landmark's hotel is one of the best country inns in Norway ; is generally full ; and it would be wise to order beds in advance. Aak is one of the most beautiful spots of the lovely Romsdal.

3.—Veblungsnæset on the Romsdals-fjord is about two English miles from Aak, and is charmingly situated. Thence the steamers leave for Molde, one of the most exquisite lake scenes in Norway. The hill behind the town should be ascended.

4.—By steamer to Aalesund, and up the Stör-fjord to Hellesylt, a long day's journey of from eighteen to twenty hours.

5.—Boat to Geyranger ; very grand, the waterfalls and the cliffs stupendous.

6.—By carriage to Faleidet, on Nord-fjord. A charming, but rather dear, inn here ; for greater convenience in walking excursions we should have gone on to Taaning.

7.—By boat to Opstruen Vand. Bad weather prevented an excursion to the Jöstedal glaciers. Slept a second night at Faleidet,—ought to have slept at Utvik, so as to start from there early in the morning.

8.—From Faleidet to Utvik by boat ; from Utvik, over the precipitous Moldestad hill to Reed (magnificent mountain and glacier scenery by the way). Detained at Reed by bad weather. Rough quarters and nothing to eat.

9.—Left Reed at 4 a.m. ; by boat across Bredheim Vand to Nedre Vasenden, where we had our first meal at 6 in the evening. The intermediate stations filthy and squalid in the extreme. Slept at Förde (in Förde).

10.—A short day's drive to Vadheim, on the Sogne-fjord. Steamer for Bergen called at 11 p.m.

11.—Reached Bergen 9 a.m.

12.—Explored Bergen and neighbourhood.

13.—Left Bergen 8 a.m., by steamer for the Hardanger-fjord. This is one of the most glorious scenes in all Norway.

14.—Slept on board the steamer and arrived at Odde, at head of Hardanger-fjord, 2 p.m. Odde may be considered the culminating point of the tour, and if a week can be spent there, the tourist will find plenty of grand excursions to occupy the time.

15, 16, 17.—Spent in visiting the wonderful Skjægedal foss, ascending the Folgefond, &c. The Buerbrae glacier and the Laathe foss are easily reached from here. (Tellemarken and the Rjukan foss may be reached from Odde.)

18.—By steamer to Vik. Poor quarters, very dirty.

19.—To the Vöring foss.

20.—By boat to Eide. (A better plan would have been by the road to Eide, which is quite available for

carriages, though the people at Vik say it is not). By carriage to Vossevangen.

21.—By carriage through the magnificent Nærødal to Gudvangen on the Sogne-fjord. By steamer to Lørdalsøren. A better plan would be to take the boat instead of the steamer. The latter generally goes at night, and thus one of the grandest fjord scenes in Norway is missed. The boat journey occupies about 10 hours; therefore it would be necessary to leave Vossevangen very early in the morning if you desire to reach Lørdalsøren the same night.

22.—By carriage to Nystuen on the summit of the Fille fjeld; visiting, by the way, Borgund Church, which should on no account be missed. The view from the mountain behind Nystuen is very fine; unfortunately bad weather prevented us from seeing it.

23.—By carriage to Fagernæs; a very beautiful drive, combining mountain and lake scenery.

24.—By carriage to Odnæs. We are now approaching Southern Norway, and the scenery, though still charming, is much less grand.

25.—By steamer down Rands-fjord to Hadelands Glass Works, and by carriage to Hønefoss. The fall at this town is hardly worth seeing, except in early summer, as its beauty depends upon the amount of water passing over it. Still, even in August, it is far finer than most of the Swiss falls at their best.

26.—By carriage to King's View and through the Ringeriget district to Christiania, a richly wooded country, but very tame after the Romsdal, the Hardanger-fjord and the Fille fjeld.

28.—Left Christiania 5 p.m.

31.—Arrived at Hull 7 a.m., after a very stormy passage.



Another route taken by two friends (a lady and a gentleman,) last year was by steamer from Hull to Stavanger, and up the coast to Bergen. Thence they visited the Hardanger-fjord and Sogne-fjord, and reached Christiania by way of the Fille fjeld. This tour occupied them three weeks.

I am inclined to think that the best route, inasmuch as though it would involve missing the pretty but somewhat tame Gudbrandsdal, it would avoid a second visit to Christiania, would be from Hull to Bergen, then by steamer to Molde and Veblungsnæssel, from whence the Romsdal could be seen easily in two days; return to Bergen and take the Hardanger steamer, spend four or five days at Olde, making the excursions mentioned above (August 15, 16, and 17); to Vik and the Vöring foss, to Vossevangen, Gudvangen, Lærdalsören, the Fille fjeld, Ringeriget, to Christiania.

Another very favourite excursion, which might be made from Christiania after the one just described, if the traveller has five or six days at his disposal, is to the Rjukan foss in Tellemarken. This foss is one of the three most celebrated falls in Norway, the Skjæggedal foss and the Vöring foss being the others. Tellemarken is well worth visiting for its own sake, as the scenery is very fine, and the costumes are the most picturesque in Norway.

I have hitherto said nothing about Northern Norway; I have not visited it, but I am assured by many travellers who have, that it will not compare with Southern Norway, that is, the country south of Molde. The drive across the Dovre fjeld from Dombaas (at Dombaas the road to Throndhjem and the Romsdal diverges) is very dreary. Throndhjem is of course in itself most in-



teresting, both on account of its antiquity, and the beauty of its surroundings. The Loffoden islands are also grand, especially seen in the mystic glow of the Norwegian summer night. But all beyond is bleak and bare, and about Hammerfest and the North Cape not even grand. The attraction to tourists in this Arctic district is the midnight sun, but it is only too likely that cloud or fog will hide the sun, both by day and night. Of one thing you may be certain : though you may not see what you went out to see, you will be sure to feel what you had very much rather not feel—the mosquitoes. The voyage from Thronðjhem to Hammerfest and back is made in a fortnight, leaving only one day on shore at the latter town. If the traveller is not content to stop short of the North Cape, he must make up his mind to another week's companionship of the mosquitoes.

It is scarcely necessary to repeat at any length the directions given in all guide books. Suffice it to say, that the tourist would do well to take a good supply of hard captains' biscuits packed in a long cylindrical tin or map case ; some tea ; and, if he be going off the main routes, some potted meat and Liebig soup, both of which the tourist can purchase at Christiania, and so save the import duty, which is heavy. A little marmalade and some mild aperient medicine are useful in a country where vegetables are scarce. A lady ought most certainly to have a macintosh and hood, to keep out the wet, as well as a so-called water-proof, which is well enough for warmth, and in ordinary showers, but will *not* be proof against a day's rain. It must be remembered that a carriage has no head, and that the traveller who uses it is wholly exposed to the elements. Of clothing, as little as possible should be taken, and little is required in a

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country where there are scarcely any hotels or *tables d'hôte*. What clothing is taken should be strong and warm,—tweed for men, serge for women, and should be packed in two small portmanteaus, rather than one large one: in my own case we found one small portmanteau and a knapsack amply sufficient. An oil-skin covering should be taken to wrap around each portmanteau during wet weather, a goodly number of strong straps to fasten the portmanteaus behind the carriage are indispensable, and a railway rug is most useful. Take also some "*Soufflet de diable*" and use it liberally on the beds if you wish to have a quiet night. Finally, have a goodly supply of small coin to pay the *skydskarl*, the boy who goes with your horse in order to bring it back. The Norsk currency is not difficult. There is this peculiarity about it, that Danish money will pass almost everywhere in Norway, but Swedish is looked upon with dislike.

## THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

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THE emigrant, who cherishes with love and pride the remembrance of the mother country, does not reflect that "old England" is not the oldest part of the British dominions. Small as are the British Islands when compared with the empire that lies between the tropics of Asia, beneath the arctic circle in America, and in the continent at the antipodes, they are domains of imperial dimension when contrasted with the most ancient possessions of Queen Victoria. The predecessor of our Sovereign was Duke of Normandy before he was king of England, and as Duke he ruled that little archipelago off the Norman coast, which alone of all their once fair French provinces has been retained by the monarchs who were so long styled the rulers of "Great Britain, France, and Ireland." England's Queen, we all know, rules over more nations, and is obeyed by subjects speaking more languages, than any other sovereign that ever wore crown; but we rarely remember that the language which claims precedence for antiquity in our history is not English but French. In the Canadian Parliament we may even now hear the members debating in French; but Canada is only a recent acquisition of Great Britain. Far nearer home, close to our very shores, there are fellow-subjects speaking the language which they spoke before that day, eight centuries ago, when

the last of the Saxon kings lay dead upon the field of Hastings. In our own Parliament the words in which the Royal assent to any measure is given remind us that we still owe allegiance to the Duchess of Normandy, and recall to us our subjugation. Thus while our Spanish fellow-subjects in Gibraltar, and our Italian fellow-subjects in Malta, bear witness to the conquests which England has won, our fellow-subjects of the Channel Islands remind us that we ourselves have been conquered. Our island stronghold in the Mediterranean may tell of England's valour ; our island empire in the Pacific may tell of England's enterprise ; but the little island of Jethou, whose name not one person out of twenty may have heard, can tell us far more of England's history.

There is no portion of the British empire which offers more attractions, within narrow limits, than the Channel Islands. Situated close to France, lying, in fact, within the shelter of a French bay, they seem by their geographical position to belong to the country whose sandy coasts—whose very houses—can be discerned. The doctrine of nationalities would assign these islands to Napoleon, not Victoria. But history has set at nought both geography and ethnology. These French-speaking fellow-subjects of ours have clung to England and abhorred France through long centuries of war between the two countries. They have fought against the men using their own tongue, and in behalf of a people of another speech. Let me be accurate. They fought in behalf of their own independence. The sovereigns of England have been their sovereigns, but the islanders have ruled themselves. They have maintained their own constitution, laws, language, currency, and army. They have

contributed nothing to our revenue, and taxation is to them almost unknown. The representatives of the Sovereign who have been sent to dwell among them and to be at the head of their Government, have been welcomed so long as they have been contented with the *otium cum dignitate* of vice-royalty. But let them once assume active power, let them once attempt to alter old customs or to correct hoary abuses, and they will find, as the historian of the Peninsular War found, that the loyalty of these islanders is conditional ; and the condition is, that the Queen of England may reign, but must not rule. This immoveable adherence to old customs and old privileges makes the history and the present constitution of the islands full of interest to the antiquarian. For the naturalist and the artist they have an even richer store of enchantments. The seas, the sands, the rocks, abound with fish and weed, and the creatures that hold a middle place between the two. The lanes are full of treasures for the botanist. The coasts present every variety of sea scenery—granite cliffs which, even at the lowest tide, stand fathoms deep in ever-heaving water ; long reaches of sand that, when the tide is out, stretch away for nearly a mile below high-water mark ; little creeks where the sand is dotted with black serrated reefs half-covered by seaweed at the ebb, and all but covered by the foam of the waves as they fret themselves into yeast-like spray at the flow. Most of the islands are so near together that they can be seen from each other, and the outline, dim and soft through the summer haze, clear and sharp before the coming rain, blurred and broken in the storm, gives a beauty to the scene which is always wanting when the horizon in every direction is bounded by the sea. To add to the picturesqueness of the scenes, the water that lies

between the chief islands is interspersed by innumerable small islets, some few the abode of perhaps a single family, with Crusoe-like proclivities; some covered entirely by a fort; some the resort only of the sea-bird; but all alike the dread of the sailor strange to these parts. Beyond these is the line of the French coast, yellow with the harvest or brown with the dun sands. All around is a sea of indescribably brilliant azure. It does not present to the traveller the wonderful gem-like sparkle of the Lago di Garda—probably the most translucent sheet of water in the world—but it has the hue of that water, the hue of the turquoise.

The tourist in the Channel Islands who makes Southampton his port of departure will find himself gliding down the Water and past the Needles soon after midnight, and about six hours later, if wind and sea have favoured him, he will come in sight of a group of rocks of which the highest is crowned with a strange-looking structure. Those rocks are the Casquets. That structure is a light-house which, with its three separate towers and lanterns, forming the angles of a triangle, warns the sailor that he is near one of the most dreaded spots in the Channel. The Casquets cover a space of water a mile and a half in one direction, and half a mile in the other, and upon them many a ship has been dashed to pieces. If darkness or fog hide the rocks, they are not to be discovered by the lead, for all around them is water so deep that a line-of-battle ship may pass within oar's length of them. Until 1723, no beacon existed to warn off mariners. In that year a rude attempt was made to supply the deficiency, and at first coals were burnt, and afterwards oil lights were set in a copper frame. In 1790 the present lighthouse was erected, but

in 1823, exactly a century after they were first branded as dangerous, a storm of unusual violence destroyed the lanterns and extinguished the lights. Two landing-places give access to the lighthouse, but so great is the swell of the sea, that many weeks sometimes pass without permitting the visitor to land, and it is customary to keep not less than three months' supply of food for the inhabitants of this storm-battered stronghold. Formerly there was a spring of water on the main rock, but it has long since disappeared, and the keepers have to rely upon the supply which is sent to them every month, and on the rain which they collect in a cistern. More fortunate than their brethren on the still more famous rock of Eddystone, they are able to communicate constantly with their fellow-creatures, for a telegraph is laid between the Casquets and Alderney. A line drawn from the Casquets to Cape de la Hogue, in Normandy, would pass over one of the most dangerous portions of the Channel. First it would stretch to the Ortach rock, an islet that rises sixty feet out of the water. Between Ortach and the Casquets the tide rushes with great velocity. On the other and eastern side of Ortach is a shoal known as Burhou, and between that and Alderney is the perilous Passe au Singe, which English sailors have converted into the Swinge. Still going east, we trace the Race of Alderney, which separates that island from the French coast about eight miles off. The bed of the sea is here very much elevated, and were it raised but 120 feet higher, the Casquets, Ortach, and Alderney, would form one island. As it is, the line which we have described covers a mole for the most part submerged, about twelve miles in length, and forming a natural breakwater to the north of the bay which contains

the Channel Islands. As the steamer passes to the west of the Casquets, Alderney with its somewhat too rounded outline is clearly visible on the left. Soon afterwards land is seen on the bow, and somewhere about eight in the morning the tourist steams into the noble harbour of St. Peter's Port, the capital of Guernsey.

Guernsey has not the reputation of Jersey. Its acreage is smaller, its population less numerous ; its wealth is more limited. But it has scenery at least equal, and, for boldness, superior to that of the rival island. The tourist who does not disembark at St. Peter's Port, but passes on to St. Helier's, makes a grievous mistake. For not only is Guernsey different from Jersey, not only is it well worth seeing for its own sake, but it is the centre of radiating excursions. Alderney must be reached by a Guernsey sailing boat, and even with this it is not always possible to return on the same day. Far nearer and smaller than Alderney is Sark, which during fair weather is but two hours off. Nearer and smaller still are the twin islands Herm and Jethou, which are half the distance of Sark. Its situation, therefore, gives Guernsey the first place in this article.

Topographically Guernsey is a right-angled triangle whose acute angles have been chipped off. Its hypotenuse inclines from S.W. to N.E. its base is nearly due east and west, its perpendicular nearly due north and south. Its superficies contains 15,560 English acres, of which about 10,000 acres are under cultivation. Geologically Guernsey is a wedge of granite, sloping upwards with tolerable regularity ; so that while the northern extremity is on the level of the sea, the southern rises to a height of 349 feet. Transversely the island slopes down



from east to west, and while the ground above St. Peter's Port rises precipitously over the harbour, the other coast slopes away gently for the most part. Close to the northern end the sea runs into so deep a bay as to nearly sever the little village of Val from the rest of Guernsey. Midway along the eastern coast lies the capital of the island. As seen by a passenger from England, St. Peter's Port, or, as it is commonly called, Peter Port, is both conspicuous and picturesque. Its principal buildings are not fine ; on the contrary, the most prominent, Elizabeth College, is in the worst form of debased Gothic. Nevertheless, the way in which the town climbs the steep hill, and in which the houses lie scattered among the trees, gives an imposing air to the *toute ensemble* which certainly the details do not possess. Especially picturesque is Castle Cornet, of old historic fame. This fortress would stand but a short time against modern heavy artillery, but it serves as an appendage to Fort George upon the hill, a more modern and a stronger work, though by no means contributing to the adornment of the landscape. By far the most important undertaking in the island is the splendid harbour. It shews that though the Guernsey-men are as yet without a railway, the deficiency does not arise from want of energy. In a land where the population is scanty, and the engineering difficulties would be very great, a railroad is not required, and the cost of it would be enormous. A good harbour can be turned to account, and, accordingly, one has been made on a scale which seems to be far beyond the present or the probable future requirements of the place. It took two centuries to make the old dock, though only four and a half acres in extent. But so sensitive have the islanders proved to what is called the progress of the age, that a little more

than a dozen years will have sufficed to make docks covering seventy-three acres. The works include a harbour and a floating dock protected by two breakwaters, the one connecting Castle Cornet with the mainland, the other stretching out from the shore eastwards 1,300 feet. The masonry is of granite, and has an appearance of solidity and massiveness not often seen even in the largest ports, and will be a flattering memorial to the engineer who planned, and the contractors who carried out the work. The cost has been defrayed by an export duty levied upon granite, a not very commendable form of taxation. Its imposition was stoutly resisted by the inhabitants of St. Sampson's, the only other town in the island. They contended that as the granite exported from Guernsey came almost entirely from their parish, while the money thus raised was expended upon the rival town, they were not fairly treated. The quarrel became somewhat bitter, and it was carried before the law courts in England. These refused to recognise any distinction of interests among the inhabitants of so small an island, and confirmed the tax. The quays are worthy of the harbour. They are broad, and in some parts adorned with trees, and form an admirable promenade. Unfortunately the houses are for the most part mean, and the site of what might be a fine esplanade is too often occupied by warehouses and the backs of inferior dwellings. The main street is steep and narrow, and affords no view of the sea. The only public building of any architectural merit is the "Town Church," as it is called, of St. Peter, a cruciform structure with central tower, and in the flamboyant style. Toiling up the main street the high ground is reached. It is covered by small villas, which are so arranged that very few of them can enjoy the fine sea view which the height affords. The

smaller port of St. Sampson's is reached by a coast road of about two miles. The places are, in fact, nearly connected by successive links of houses. St. Sampson's is purely a port, chiefly for the exportation of granite; while St. Peter's Port is a capital and a market, as well as the chief place for the import trade. The roads have for many years been very good; but half a century ago the then Governor was compelled to use every argument he could devise to make the islanders submit to the taxation necessary for the construction of passable routes. The Guernseymen were both shamed and persuaded into the work, and now the island is surrounded and intersected by highways, which have been judiciously laid out, as well with regard to commercial as military purposes. Well might the grateful Guernseymen erect a tower in honour of Sir John Doyle, who has been the most popular of all their Governors.

It would be difficult to spend a more enjoyable day than in making the round of the island. Starting from St. Peter's Port, the tourist visits a succession of little bays, each in its way the perfection of marine landscape. In one a garden, full of rare plants, slopes downwards to the sea, and all but touches the sands of dazzling whiteness. In another, the cliffs form a precipitous arc, bounding some far retreating inlet. In a third, the most famous of all, Moulin Huet, every charm of Nature is combined. Sharp needles of rocks stand out as the advanced posts against the sea in its aggressive moods; then the land runs inward with bosky clusters of wood here, with bluff rocks there, covered with lichens of such glorious orange, that they vie with the most brilliant autumn tints of the trees. Deep down below the winding path, through heath and wild thyme and gorse, is the creamy white sand, up

which the turquoise water runs, and then retreating, leaves a moist dun patch. Passing westwards along the south coast, the luxuriant loveliness of Moulin Huet gives place to sterner features. The rocks stand up uncompromisingly against the sea, and refusing to yield, allow little room for those nooks where beauty dwells sheltered from the storm. The umbrageous wealth reaches its full perfection in Water Lane, a leafy tunnel, through which scarcely a stray sunbeam can find its way to cast a shadow upon the moist fern-bordered path, and where there is twilight even at high noon. Then copse and grove disappear and give place to the open common, which even the adventurous Guernseymen have not attempted to cultivate. We round the south-western angle, and see before us at a short distance seawards, cruel reefs of rock, guilty of the fate of many a gallant ship, but now made conspicuous by a warning light house, the Hanois, erected but a few years ago, and after long contention between the local authorities and the corporation of the Trinity House. Then again the ever shifting scene changes. We have no longer inlets of graceful curve, nor bluff rampart of cliffs, but a wide bay, whose waters are scattered over with innumerable low rocks. Sometimes a line of reef; sometimes an islet; and between them, even in summer's calm, the sea frets and surges. One rock may claim the title of island; Lihou Island it is called. Monks dwelt there in the old days, and their chanted prayers must often have been drowned by the thunder of the billows. Now there dwells here a Frenchman, whose heart is set on profit rather than on prayer, for he has the right to all the seaweed in his island; and seaweed, as we shall presently find, is a most important produce, whose harvesting is restricted by stringent laws. Mr. Ansted, in

his admirable volume on the Channel Islands, a book to be read before and after, rather than during a tour, compares Lihou on the west with Castle Cornet on the east side of the island. But Lihou is much the larger island. It is connected with the main land by a rough causeway 700 yards long, that is covered by the sea for at least half of every tide. Beyond Lihou is a series of sandy bays, still interspersed with rocks. The high ground of the south-west angle slopes away until, as the north-west angle is reached, there is a wide open space of country, but little above the sea level. Here are some of the most productive farms in the island. The northern extremity is for the most part barren and sandy, and the village of Val is situated in a wild and desolate district. The tourist who has but little time to spare should, after reaching Cobo Bay, strike inwards, and climbing the high ground, pass through the richly wooded country about C  tel, and bisect the island by descending to St. Peter's Port, his point of departure.

In perambulating Guernsey, it is impossible not to be struck with the apparent absence of inhabitants. The population is, as every one knows, really far denser than in England. Yet at midday, one may traverse mile after mile of the leafy lanes in the centre of the island, or the open roads on the coast, without meeting a single person. Proofs of habitation there are indeed ; for everywhere there are picturesque cottages, where the fuchsia attains the height of a tree, where the camellia is a shrub wide spread and taller than a man, where the hydrangea is as prodigal of blossom as in the Bay of Glengariffe, which the visitor of the Irish Lakes knows so well, and where even the aloe and the myrtle flourish and flower. But if you try to enter one of those dwellings in order to ask

your way, you will find the door fast, and the house empty. But the household are not far off. You may not see them, but you can hear the tinkle of sharpening scythes or a murmur of human voices. They are all workers here ; father, mother, son, and daughter, alike till the ground, for that ground is their own. Spade husbandry is carried to perfection here, where labour costs but little ; and, to use Arthur Young's famous saying, "the magic of ownership turns the very rocks into gold." So all day long the islanders toil in the field, and at even-tide they divert themselves by toiling in their gardens. Their farms are little more than gardens. They are usually of from ten to twenty acres. Fifty acres is an exceptionably large holding. Thus every inch of ground is made productive ; thanks to the climate, and to the implement which has made the sands of Flanders a veritable Pactolus. Visibly true in Guernsey is the Italian proverb, "the plough has a share of iron, the spade has an edge of gold."

We shall have to speak hereafter of the peasant farming of the Channel Islands, a favourite theme with political economists of the Mill school. There is one particular crop which we must notice here—since it is in Guernsey that the gathering in of it is seen to greatest advantage. It is a portion of that great "harvest of the sea" which we are too apt to undervalue. Locally the crop is called *vraic*, we should call it seaweed. Though a weed, the picking of it is restricted by very stringent laws. It is only at two seasons of the year that *vraic* may be gathered, in July and in February. The summer crop is stacked in ricks, and left to dry beneath the sun, and is used for fuel. The winter crop is spread upon the land as manure, and is a most valuable fertiliser, especially when mixed with

stable refuse. The ashes of the summer crop also are applied with good effect to the soil. The cottagers get sixpence a bushel for this. The seaweed is of two kinds—that which adheres to the rocks, *vraic scié*, and the drift, *vraic venant*. The gathering of the latter is allowed to all persons throughout the year from sunrise to eight p.m. Sometimes after a gale a very busy scene is presented, especially in Rocquaine Bay, at the south-west angle of Guernsey. A long row of peasants will be seen standing upon the beach armed with rakes, and by the side of them a mound of weed which they have gathered together, but which they must not take away until the sunrise gun announces the beginning of the day. No sooner has the distant boom been heard than they set to work with astonishing vigour, and carry off their treasure in carts, if they are fortunate enough to possess any, or more often in panniers carried by horses or asses. The regulations which provide for the cutting of the *vraic scié* are still more strict. The first harvest begins at the first new or full moon after February 1st, and lasts five weeks. The second begins in the middle of June and ends on August 31st. The summer cutting is limited for the first month to the poor, or people who have no cattle. They are not allowed to carry it by barrow to a cart, but must transport it above high spring tide, and from thence it is carted away. “The cutting of the *vraic*,” says Mr. Ansted, “is the occasion of a general holiday. The rocks having been examined the day before by the men, large parties grouped into sets of two or three families, resort to the most promising places where the weed is thickest and longest, and cut it with a small kind of reaping hook, throwing it into heaps until the tide flows. It is then carried out of reach of the advancing tide as fast as pos-



sible. The evening after the day's work, the parties meet at some neighbouring house of refreshment, where the *lit de fouaille* is fitted up for the occasion and lighted up. The evening closes with a dance." The total amount of *vraic* collected yearly around Guernsey is about 30,000 loads, and as the value of a load is reckoned to be two shillings on the beach, here at once is a source of wealth equal to 3,000*l.* a year. Jersey probably supplies an even larger amount. On an average about one acre in five in the larger islands, and nearly as much in Alderney and Sark, is manured with litter and seaweed to the amount of ten loads to the acre, or with the ashes of the weed that has already done duty as fuel. In potato culture this application has been remarkably successful, land so treated yielding on an average twenty tons of potatoes to the acre. But it is not only for agricultural and domestic purposes that the *vraic* is available. It is used in the manufacture of barilla, especially in the Chaussey Islands, and also in that of iodine. The Guernsey sea weed is particularly rich in the latter salt, and for the last twenty years iodine has been manufactured and exported to England. The development of photography has increased the demand for that salt, and at the present time over 20,000 ounces are sent yearly to this country. The seaweed is capable of yielding paraffin oil, naphtha, and sulphate of ammonia, which, however, are not manufactured on the islands. There is room here for much greater enterprise than has yet been shown. The annual yield of seaweed is about 200,000 tons, of which a very small quantity is turned to the profitable use to which it might be put.

As we have said, Guernsey is the most convenient starting point for visiting the smaller islands. The most



important excursion is that to Alderney. As at first seen the lofty cliffs are masked by a number of detached rocks lying at a short distance from the south-western extremity of the island. In that island, as in Guernsey, the coast presents a great variety of attractions. On the north the ground slopes towards a series of bays more or less tame. To the south-east is a succession of rock scenery of the very grandest description. One may look sheer down two hundred feet into the sea, and through the clear water discern the rocky bottom fathoms deep. Mr. Ansted has so well described this coast, that I cannot do better than quote from his elaborate and beautiful volume.

“ Continuing to work our way round the various inlets, we come after a time to the sandstone, of which there is a second small patch, quarried near the top of the cliff, and seen reaching the sea. Afterwards there is nothing but naked and rough granite and porphyry. Wonderfully broken and precipitous are the cliffs thus formed. Many of them are quite vertical, either to the sea, or to the very small bays, where the water is seen boiling and foaming in the most extraordinary manner. From one headland to another, round great hollow depressions, where the granite is soft and decomposing, along parts of the cliff where wide cracks at the surface shew the possibility of the ground sinking under his feet, the visitor may pick his way, rewarded occasionally by bursts of unexpected grandeur and beauty. The cliffs are often so vertical that one may look down to the sea rolling in at one's feet, and across a narrow inlet perceive clearly the geological structure of an opposite cliff. There is one spot in particular, where a wall of rock a couple of hundred feet deep, displays a beautiful olive-coloured porphyry, crossed by great horizontal veins of flesh-coloured felspar, succeeding one another at intervals down to the sea line. The scenery of the cliff varies a good deal, and much of it is almost peculiar to Alderney. In many places depressions of the surface are observable, and one is obliged either to make a wide circuit, or to descend a deep hollow. Two or three such scoopings out of the surface are passed on the south-east coast. They correspond to the presence of

a peculiarly decomposing rotten material that alternates with the harder parts of the rock. As there are generally hard walls to these softer hollows they are often in the highest degree picturesque, for the action of the sea having worn away a deep inlet, the wall of rock on each side allows of the inlet being approached pretty nearly without inconvenience. . . . Towards the south-western extremity of the island there is a succession of very bold and grand cliffs, beyond which is a reef of picturesque rocks, some of them of large size. . . . It is the fashion, and has become almost a tradition, to speak of Alderney as a desolate station, offering no single object of interest, and nothing to occupy any rational person for many hours. But those who are capable of appreciating grand rocky scenery, and who are able to look at it ; persons who would regard Wales, Scotland, and Switzerland as worth visiting for themselves, their wild beauty, and for the sublimity of their scenery, ought not to complain of this remarkable island. Such persons may, beyond a doubt, find along the coast we have been describing, quite as much grandeur and beauty as they have anywhere seen in a day's ramble."

There are in Alderney objects of special interest, such as the Roche Pendante, a magnificent pinnacle of sandstone rock ; and there are beaches to be visited, by no means an easy feat. The town is not remarkable, and there are scarcely any buildings of importance, still less of beauty, except the new parish church in the Early English style, with chancel, apse, and choir-arch of great beauty. Two mistakes unhappily detract from the perfection of Mr. Gilbert Scott's otherwise successful work. The church, which should have been placed on high ground, is buried in a hollow, and the soft stone of Normandy has been used for the dressings, and is already, after about twenty years of exposure, falling into decay. Alderney owes its importance to military rather than to ecclesiastical constructions. It is well called by Mr. Ansted the Ehrenbreitstein of the Channel ; only it is to France

what the Rhine fortress would be to the Prussians if it were in the hands of the French. Alderney seems destined by nature to be an outwork of Cherbourg. We have endeavoured to make it a counter-work. It was Sir William Napier who urged that the island should be made a fortified naval station. When Governor of Guernsey he wrote to the Home Secretary of that time, Sir James Graham, and pointed out the necessity of converting Alderney into a stronghold which should be both a haven of refuge for our own fleet, and a point of attack upon the enemy's. He said that of all the islands, Alderney was the most important, and that so long as it was unprotected, one hour and two large steamers would suffice to place France in possession of it, and then it would not be possible to dispossess her. Having established herself there she would be able to reduce the other islands at leisure ; while England, engaged as she would then be in a struggle for very existence, would not have the strength to undertake so major an operation of warfare as the recovery of the islands. On the other hand, if strongly secured, Alderney would serve as an effectual check upon Cherbourg. By raising a tower on the Touraille Hill, or Essex heights, it would be possible to look into the French stronghold. From La Hogue to the Bill of Portland is fifty-seven miles, and as the Swinge and the Race cannot be blockaded, fifteen miles of the distance would be in the possession of the French, with a harbour for any number of vessels. The sun rises at the back of the position, and therefore French ships of war would see an English ship two or three hours before she could be observed from Portland, and they would pounce upon her before help from England could reach her. Seven years later, in 1852, Napier again wrote to urge the fortification of Alderney.

He said a defended harbour would form the rendezvous of a squadron blockading Cherbourg. If the Cherbourg fleet came out, the Alderney fleet would send expresses to the Channel squadron, and a general engagement would take place between Dover and Portland. These representations produced their effect, and one of the most costly even of government jobs was soon afterwards begun. Three large forts and a breakwater have been constructed, and the anchorage has been cleared of several rocks. Mr. Ansted writing in 1865, says :—

“ To enlarge the original design (which was either too much or too little), it was determined to alter the direction of the west breakwater to east-north-east. This has involved a large quantity of work done in water upwards of twenty fathoms deep, and has completely cut across the excellent anchorage that might have been procured by carrying the breakwater from rock to rock. Had the latter work been decided on, a magnificent harbour would have been secured at a comparatively small expense. Nearly a million sterling has now been expended on the 1,200 yards of the west breakwater at present carried out. The east breakwater is not yet commenced. . . . Great as has been the error in the construction of the harbour, and although, beyond doubt, the accommodation when completed will be far less and far worse than it ought to have been, no policy could be more absurd or suicidal than to stop or check the works in their present state. The shelter that will be afforded when the works are completed is an object of great importance. To obtain this, vast sums have been expended in constructing a long series of forts to command efficiently some five miles of coast. It is in this harbour that our merchant ships would look for safety in the event of war. It is here that gunboats and other ships of war would collect ; to this place they would repair for coals and stores ; here they might refit ; and hence they might issue to cut off and destroy an enemy stationed at Cherbourg. If the Channel Islands are to be preserved, and that the possession of these islands means the possession of the Channel is more than ever the case now, it can be only by rendering Alderney useful as well as strong ; and much of this usefulness consists in there being a

harbour of refuge. It is not now time to consider what might have been done better : but it is a very serious question indeed, what can be done best with the materials still at our command."

Our naval and military authorities seem to have been peculiarly unfortunate in the Channel Islands. Alderney is quite a byword and a reproach, and a few years ago the yearly vote for carrying on the works was made the subject of a sharp Parliamentary struggle. A more disastrous undertaking, because wholly useless, was commenced some years ago in St. Catherine's Bay, Jersey. One day, in hot haste, the Admiralty bought, for 80,000*l.*, a piece of ground worth 3,000*l.*, with the idea of erecting a fortress. This has not been commenced, nor is it likely to be. The harbour which the fort was to protect, was, however, begun, and after a magnificent pier, about a third of a mile long, and constructed in the most substantial and costly manner, had been completed, and a second arm of rough rock work had been partly made, it was discovered that the water was not deep enough to hold ships ; and now, after that half-a-million sterling has been squandered, the works have been abandoned, the pier is covered with weeds, and the lighthouse that was erected to guide storm-tost ships into a fair haven, has to be lighted every night to warn them from coming near. Even had the harbour been successful as regards its capabilities, it would have been wrongly placed. It overlooks the sandy portless coast of Normandy, south of Cape La Hogue, instead of towards that point and Cherbourg, as it would have done on the other side of the island.

*Reculer pour mieux sauter.* We go back to Guernsey in order to make a better start for the other islands. Exactly opposite St. Peter's Port lie Herm and Jethou,

two islands that bear to each other the same relations as a frigate and her tender gunboat. They form part of a reef of granite, most picturesque but most dangerous, which stretches towards Guernsey, and which makes the "Little Russell" the most difficult of all the many perilous passages in these waters. The first of them presents every variety of coast scenery, and is much after the same type as Guernsey. Like that island it is steep towards the south, and stretches in long sandy flats northwards. The rock being of a softer granite than in Guernsey, it is more cleft by the action of the sea. Herm abounds in caverns, wherein the brilliant green of luxuriant ferns is vividly set off by the back-ground of swarthy cliff. Little bays lie surrounded by steep slopes, full of wild flowers, down the side of which the tourist has worn a winding path. Here the sand is as smooth as velvet, as firm as marble to the foot, and the intense brilliancy and clearness of the water irresistibly invite to bathe. The surface of the island is remarkably irregular. Here there is a steep hill with flanking valleys, bending to the sea. Here there are steep cliffs, at the foot of which it is possible to walk only at low water. Here there is a flat table land covered with coarse grass, and margined by a long reach of sand. An enterprising gentleman has undertaken to cultivate the island, and he has a comfortable house and convenient farm buildings. The soil is good, consisting of decomposed granite, which in Cornwall yields such wonderful crops of early vegetables for Covent Garden. But the great deficiency of the island is the want of water. Through this it became necessary for the Lord of Herm to sell off his fine herd of Alderney cattle during a recent dry summer. The aborigines are as troublesome to him in their way as the Maories

have proved to the New Zealand settlers. These foes are the rabbits, and not only do they work havoc among the crops, but they are undermining the island, and are the cause of the frequent landslips, which are diminishing its area. Herm is not given up wholly to agriculture. There are granite quarries, which of late have been worked with considerable vigour on account of extensive orders for the Thames Embankment. The chief glory of Herm is its shell beach. The sands of Whitesand Bay, near the Land's End, are prolific in shells, but they cannot bear comparison with this wonderful shore. Here the sand is made up entirely of shells, whole or in fragments. Every handful contains myriad tenantless abodes of animal life. Exquisite in form, glorious in colour, they quite overpower the imagination with a reality so far beyond conception. Lying there at length, far away from the turmoil of life in London, the wearied holiday-taker is startled by the apparent waste of creative power. It seems wonderful that so little account of life should be taken by the Great Life-giver. He is humiliated to think that year after year fresh stores of structural beauty are added, to be washed away again, without being beheld by a human eye. To what purpose, he asks, was this waste? He cannot solve the "riddle of the painful earth," and if he leaves the sands, and when the water is out, will wade barefooted among the pools that the sea has left between sharp ridges of rock and rounded slopes of sand, and watch the fairy forms of life, half animal and half vegetable, the flesh-like, flower-like petals of the sea anemone, pale pink, bright orange, deep crimson, he will be still more overcome by the vastness of that universe, whose very puddles are kingdoms.

Jethou lies to the south of Herm, and is separated



from it by a narrow but deep channel. Strictly speaking, it consists of a group of three islands, being itself by far the largest. It is steeper and higher than Herm, and it has one house, occupied by the tenant who farms the island. Southwards there is a series of dangerous rocks. In spite of the difficulties of navigation, visitors to Herm and Jethou are numerous. Thousands of excursionists brave an hour's sea-sickness, and a possible wreck, in order to visit spots that are indeed worth a heavier sacrifice.

He who has not seen Sark has not seen the Channel Islands. The geography books that we used to learn when we were young told us that this was a barren and rocky island, and that was all they told us. We were left to infer that Sark was uninhabited and desolate, a place little favoured by God and forsaken by man. Rocky it is, but not barren. It is so rocky that the Lords of the Admiralty once steamed round and round the island, and finding no landing place gave up their intended visit in despair. But the interior is fertile enough. The island is a bowl, and the concavity of it abounds with tree and flower and fern, and there are nooks of luxuriant greenery and leafy lanes such as Devonshire would not be ashamed to own. So far is it from being uninhabited, that the only fear of the islanders is that they will be over-populated. The navigation thither is intricate and not a little perilous, so that the Sark pilots who have learnt to thrid the watery maze, and to encounter the dangers of rock and shoal, have a reputation for skill and hardihood. A steamer goes from Guernsey to Sark about once a week in summer, and luggers go every day. But in winter, when the wind is tempestuous,—still more when there is a calm accompanied by a fog,—it is often im-



possible to hold communication for more than a week. Twelve days have been known to elapse before the Sarkites could learn anything of what was going on in the great world of Guernsey. If the weather be fine, the most pleasant way of crossing is to embark in one of the luggers. With a breeze sufficient to freshen the sea and to swell the sails, one goes bounding along past bold groups of rocks and islets tenanted by sea fowl, until the southern extremity of Sark is reached. Then the tack is altered, and the little vessel glides along more slowly in smooth water, sheltered by the high cliffs that rise up precipitously from the shore, and are here and there pierced with caverns, until it reaches the pier which their naval lordships thought too insignificant to notice. Landing here is not an easy matter, for one has to walk the plank under the most favourable circumstances, and if the sea be at all fresh one must be prepared for a wade. Even when this has been done, it is by no means easy to discover where the portal is which is to give us an outlet from this rock-bound bay and entrance into the island. Advantage has been taken of a soft cliff which the sea had partly excavated to pierce a tunnel, and this is the gateway into the domain of the Lord of Sark. That passed, the adventurer toils up a steep road, at first between turfy hills, but presently through a tree-shaded lane, past cottages, that tell of human inhabitants, past a church, a post-office, and an inn, which reveal a certain degree of civilization, and then downwards through meadows and "happy orchard lawns" to a charming rustic hotel lying at the head of a luxuriant glen that slopes down to the yellow sands and the blue sea. I spent a Sunday here five years ago, and anything more truly Sabbatical than that day I never experienced. It

was absolute rest, most welcome to one wearied by eleven months' toil in the greatest of cities. The ripple ran softly up the sand, and then glided back with scarce a sound. Far out at sea there was the soft haze of summer, hiding the glare of the French coast that would otherwise have been visible, to tell of the great world of Europe. Close at hand there was no sound save the humming of the bee and the crisp rustle of the cattle as they cropped the short grass. Then, as the morning wore on, the people gathered from the scattered cottages and wended their way to the unadorned church. There the old familiar prayers sounded strangely in another tongue, and the psalter was sung to grand chorales worthy to be included in Sebastian Bach's "Gesangbuch." Then to wander slowly over the downs, with the sea visible almost all around the island; to sit upon the farthest point of some giddy height and gaze at the heaving water almost steel blue, as seen far below and between the peaks and altars of rock that storms had severed from the island and left standing apart—to think, by way of deepening the deep repose, of hot churches crowded with worshippers in gorgeous attire, not to read, but simply to "muse and brood and live again in memory" old and cherished words or scenes well nigh forgotten—that was delight keen enough to render that summer Sabbath for ever a red-letter day in my calendar.

There is one peculiarity which cannot but heighten the strange dreamy thoughts that the visitor must feel at finding himself on such a spot as this. The Sarkites walk about in sable garments. In Guernsey there seemed to be an unusually large number of mourners going about the streets; but in Sark the whole population are clad in the gloomy costume of death. One is tempted to suppose

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that some great pestilence has swept over the people, and left one-half of them lamenting for the other half laid in their graves. You cannot learn that any such calamity has befallen them. Their weeds appear to be due to other causes. The island is small and the inhabitants intermarry so much that they are like one large family, of which if one member suffers all the other members grieve. That is one reason ; but there is another. The Sarkites are an economical race, and having bought a good black stuff gown, or a good black cloth coat, they will wear it until it is worn out. They do not adopt the modern London fashion of wearing mourning for three weeks. Tenderness and thriftiness alike forbid. They are not only tender and thrifty, they are independent. They pass their own laws and no one has the right of veto save the Seigneur. Their Parliament of forty meets in the school-house, and there the island budget, about 80*l.* a year, is voted. They have a prison, and tradition tells that there was once a prisoner, and that when she was about to be locked up for the night she begged that the door might be left open as she was nervous if left alone. The request was complied with, and the prisoner made no attempt to escape, thinking probably that concealment would be impossible in a country of such narrow limits as Sark. Once upon a time there was nearly a rebellion in the island. The introduction of the penny post was the exciting cause. Before that event the islanders used to go down to the little bay I have spoken of, and meet the boat which brought their mail, and seize their letters without asking leave. The necessity of seeing them carried away to the Post-office, and of waiting until the eagerly expected missives were delivered, irritated them in the highest degree, and their anger was not quickly appeased.

The chief authority in the island is a clergyman, who is not only Seigneur, but High Sheriff, President of the Legislative Assembly, and Commander of the Forces, which number about a dozen men, of whom about ten are officers. His is a very mild despotism. The land tenure is regulated by the strictest primogeniture. The Sarkites are so careful that their island shall not be overpopulated, that the younger sons are not permitted to inherit their father's estate, but are expected to leave the island and push their fortunes in Guernsey or in the great world beyond. Notwithstanding these precautions, land attains the very high price of 300*l.* an acre. French is the language almost universally spoken ; by no means Parisian French, but a *patois* to which the people cling so tenaciously, that although taught English at the schools, they speedily forget it. The Seignory is the chief sight of the island, and very charming it is. A quaint castellated building with terraces on which peacocks display their fans, with velvet lawns in front and hollyhocks of many colours growing ten feet high, and a brilliant blaze of flowers such as are not often seen north of Italy, and luscious fruits that crowd the walls, and bosky glens through which one descends to a precipitous rock, that looks across a narrow gulf of sea upon an island which to those who know Cornwall, will at once suggest Tintagel—such is the Seignory.

We must not forget Little Sark. It is joined to Sark by the narrowest neck of land that ever saved peninsula from becoming island. A pathway, eight feet broad, with cliffs sheer down 200 feet on either side, and with no protection for the dizzy traveller, such is the highway from Great to Little Sark. It may be perhaps on account of the tenuity of this *coupé*, so suggestive of the bridge that

leads to the Mahometan's Paradise, that the inhabitants of one part of the island will pass months without visiting the other part. Tradition tells that one Little Sarkite who used, on his visit to the Sarkite metropolis, to take more liquor than was good for him, would pause on his way homewards before passing the *coupé*, and would balance himself upon an old cannon to see if he were in a condition to traverse the perilous path. If he could maintain his balance, he would go on ; if he fell off, he would remain for the night on the northern side, and sleep himself sober. Formerly there were mines worked in Little Sark ; but though productive, they did not pay their expenses, and they are now abandoned, together with many of the cottages. The population of the entire island is almost entirely given up to agriculture and fishing—to the harvest of the fields and the harvest of the sea. The landmen are so little venturesome that many of them have never set foot out of their island, and seem to think it so wide a world that they tie up all their fowls by one leg lest they should stray. The seamen must be bold, for the coast is dangerous, and the storms are sometimes terrible.

To go from Sark to Jersey is to return from almost eremite seclusion to the turmoil of the world. St. Helier's, the capital, is a place of 30,000 inhabitants, a population nearly equal to that of all the islands, save Jersey, put together. Your first contact with the Jersey men does not give you a favourable impression of them. The porters that beset you as you land at the quay are most obtrusive in their offers of service ; but though competition is keen there is no abatement of price, and the pertinacity with which they follow you is equalled by the largeness of their expectations if you engage them. The cabmen are

less numerous, and are therefore more extortionate. The fares which they demand would astound even the most audacious of their *confrères* in London; and they have this advantage, that their extortion is legalised. The Jerseymen are so lightly taxed that they can enjoy the use of a well-built carriage, two horses, and a driver for the whole day on paying fourteen shillings; but they know how to tax strangers, and these accordingly have to pay some three or four shillings for the use of a cab over the mile that lies between the pier and the centre of the town. The antipathy which these first specimens of Jerseymen excite is softened by the sight of the Jersey women. These are as remarkable for beauty as their sisters in Devonshire, and both have the same style of beauty. St. Helier's is a town that does not improve on acquaintance. The public buildings are poor; the streets are narrow, though the shops are good. The market is capacious, but that which used to be the chief charm of it, the picturesque costume of the market women, is every year more rarely seen. Here, as at Guernsey, the visitor gets undeceived as to the supposed exceeding cheapness of living in the Channel Islands. True, the taxes are light, and thus one item of expenditure is saved, and there being few duties, whether excise or customs, it is possible to get all kinds of spirits, from *eau de Cologne* to brandy, at a little more than the cost of manufacture. But, after all, man cannot live upon brandy or *eau de Cologne*. The other and purely legitimate articles of household expenditure are not apparently lower in price than in many of the smaller towns in England. House rent, moreover, is by no means low, so that the popular belief about the small expenditure required in the Channel Islands, if it were true some years ago, is no longer so.

Between Guernsey and Jersey there is more of rivalry than of intercourse. The two are jealous of each other. They are, however, alike in many respects. Among others, they both have a rock fortress guarding the harbour, with a distinguished history attached to it, but are picturesque rather than useful. Modern works of defence upon the hills above overlook and supersede the island stronghold. Fort George overshadows Castle Cornet; Fort Regent overshadows Castle Elizabeth. The two castles were alike in holding out for the King when the islands had declared for the Parliament. Both were reduced at last; Castle Cornet after a gallant resistance of nine years, Elizabeth Castle after a resistance of about six weeks; capitulation being induced less by the strength of the enemy than by the accidental explosion of powder which caused the deaths of a large number of the garrison. Of more recent interest is the Royal Square, where the gallant Major Pierson fell at the very moment that he had succeeded in repulsing the French some eighty-five years ago.

The tourist who has been living in towns all the year will be glad enough to escape from St. Helier's, and he cannot do better than make Gouray or Gorey, as it is indifferently called, his head-quarters. It is situated among some of the best scenery in the island, and possesses a noble lion in the Castle of Mont Orgueil. At the foot of this rocky fortress are sands stretching away for two miles on the right, and on the left a series of picturesque bays full of studies for the artist and the geologist. Its eastern aspect renders Gouray less relaxing than St. Brelade's Bay, which is more frequented by visitors, but which, in the height of summer, is intolerably hot. Though but a little town, and since the failure of the oyster fishery, a decaying town, Gouray possesses ample accommodation. In fact,



every other house on the quay is an hotel ; but it will be better to find a lodging on the hill which overlooks the bay, the castle, and the town, and from which there is a view of the coast of France so extensive that at night half-a-dozen lighthouses may be counted. The first object which strikes the traveller coming from St. Helier's is Mont Orgueil Castle, which is built upon a prominent rock standing isolated and precipitous on three sides. The fortress is of ancient date, and is supposed to have had existence in the time of King John. The greater part of the present building must, however, be more modern than this, and many of the rooms are in a good state of preservation and habitable. Within this ivy-covered stronghold two historic personages spent some time during the civil war. Prynne passed three years here, and liked his prison so well that he composed a poem entitled "A poetic description of Mont Orgueil Castle, in the Isle of Jersey, interlaced with some brief meditations upon its rocky, steep, and lofty situation." The illustrious Roundhead seems to have been softened by his confinement. Not only did he woo the muse, but his Puritanism was so far undermined that he was induced to play cards with Lady Carteret and her daughters, among whom he found one partner so admirable that he dedicated his poem to her. The other occupant of the castle was a voluntary one, Charles II., who remained here several months.

The next object which attracts the visitor is at first sight a very puzzling one. As he drives along the coast of Grouville Bay, he sees high up on the hill, far above even lofty Mont Orgueil, a ship. The fly in the amber is not a more puzzling phenomenon at first sight. A visit to the vessel explains the mystery very satisfactorily. It consists of the upper deck and masts of a man-of-war



erected on the ground and used as a training ship for lads entering the naval service. A most admirable institution it is. Here boys are taught everything connected with the working of a ship ; they learn the names and use of every spar and rope, and how to rig and steer. They live within these wooden walls just as though they were afloat, and all the order and discipline of a man-of-war are observed. Connected with the ship are boats in which the lads learn to row practically. Besides their special training they receive a good general education. They are well fed and clothed, and seem as happy as the day is long. Mont Orgueil, no longer available as a fortress, is used as an infirmary in case of infectious diseases on board the training ship. Altogether the experiment has been most successful, and it has induced a large number of the poorer Jerseymen to send their sons into the navy.

We have already spoken of the splendid but useless pier that has been built at St. Catherine's Bay. This is about two miles to the north of Gouray, and on the way thither another pier, but partly built, is passed. This is constructed of a very remarkable conglomerate stone that has been quarried out of the rocks close to the finished pier, and conveyed by a tram-road to the point where it was required. The quarry is one of the most interesting spots that ever gave work to the geologist's hammer. Beyond this is a succession of small bays, strewn with great boulders of this rock, and abounding with rounded pebbles of granite, jasper, a peculiar green stone, cornelian, agate, and common black flint, which, as Mr. Ansted says, "in any English watering-place would be collected and polished for sale." In one of these bays is a tower from which the submarine telegraph is laid to the coast of France, which is here most closely approximated. Pro-

ceeding northwards, Rozel Bay with its little hamlet is reached. It is in this part of the Channel Islands that the sea attains its most brilliant hue. From this point to the north-western point of Jersey the coast is very fine, and if the tourist has stout limbs and a steady brain, he will find the walk by the cliffs fully repay him for the fatigue. I have not space to describe at any length the separate points of interest, but must make special mention only of Plemont or Pleinmont Point. There are here some caves of remarkable size and beauty. They are to be visited only at low water, but are well worth the trouble which it costs to inspect them. Mr. Ansted thus describes the rock scenery at this point :—

“The great peculiarity of the bay is the succession of noble and picturesque caverns, and deep narrow fiords alternating with rocky reefs projecting for some distance into the sea. These are continued far beyond the lowest tide, extending, indeed, to the extremity of Cape Grosnez, under which is the last cavern. It is difficult to state the number of caverns in the bay with precision. Six may be visited in succession at all times except near high-water, and all are strikingly picturesque. Some are connected one with another by low natural arches, but most of them are detached. The first enters by an open inlet forty or fifty yards wide, and more than sixty yards in length before narrowing. The inlet continues in the same direction. On one side, however, to the right, it is open for another fifty yards, and to the left becomes a magnificent natural hall, perfectly straight, entering about one hundred and twenty feet, with a width of nearly 50 at the entrance, and gradually narrowing. The height of the roof is some twenty feet or more, and the floor is strewn with large perfectly rounded pebbles, and large rocks of extremely white granites, although the walls are pinkish and dark grey stone. Some distance beyond the first opening is a group of three caverns connected by a low natural arch, and having in the foreground a remarkable group of detached rocky pinnacles and boulders. A cascade, the water falling exactly over the entry of one of the caves which is situated between two

others, all visible from the same point, produces a variety of rocky scenery to be met with only in the Channel Islands in this remarkable bay."

A little farther than these caves is Grosnez Point, the north-western angle of Jersey. Turning southward the scenery shortly changes with that abruptness which constitutes one of the chief charms of these islands. In the place of the bold cliffs and fiords and broken islets of rock, we come upon a reach of sand occupying the whole western side of Jersey, and on which, when the west wind blows, the white horses of Neptune come striding on with a noise like thunder. This Bay of Ouen or St. Owen is one of the finest expanses of sand in the British dominions. It stretches southwards for more than five miles, and recedes to a range of hills which form a semi-elliptical background; it has a shorter diameter of nearly four miles. The sands are prevented from becoming monotonous by the cropping up of several rocks, especially of the Corbières, a grand and picturesque group, connected with the main land at low water by a broad causeway of boulders and jagged ends of granite. Facing east and skirting the southern shore of Jersey, we come to St. Brelade's Bay, beautiful, but oppressively hot. Beyond this is fair and large St. Aubin's Bay, scattered with villas, and rising out of it Elizabeth Castle and the busy island capital, St. Helier's. We have thus skirted the island, for it is the coast, with its infinite variety of perpendicular cliffs, rounded grassy downs, far-reaching sands, and rocky fiords, that constitutes the chief charm of Jersey. The interior is pretty, but will seem tame to those who know Devonshire or even only the less romantic Isle of Wight. There is little interesting to the archæologist throughout Jersey.

The agriculturist and the botanist will find more to interest them.

The climate of the Channel Islands is singularly agreeable. The mean daily range of temperature in Guernsey, is but  $8^{\circ}1$ , just one-half of that at Greenwich, and during November, January, and February, is but  $6^{\circ}2$ . The mean temperature of the year is  $51^{\circ}5$ , which is  $2^{\circ}5$  higher than at Greenwich. In the winter months the mean temperature is no less than six degrees higher than at Greenwich. The consequence is that snow and frost are almost unknown phenomena; the geranium, the fuchsia, the myrtle, and the camellia grow out of doors through the year; and the last, especially, attains to the dimensions of a tree. The highest recorded reading of the thermometer is  $83^{\circ}$ , the lowest  $24^{\circ}5$ , the two extremes having been reached within six months of each other—namely, in the summer of 1846, and in the January of 1847. The mean rainfall is under 35 inches. Dense fogs are somewhat frequent, especially in November. In Jersey the range of temperature is somewhat greater than in Guernsey. It seems strange that there should be any difference of climate between two islands so closely adjoining as Guernsey and Sark. Yet there is so great a difference that Guernseymen, languid from the want of change of air, go to Sark to be braced. The bracing nature of Sark air is quite proverbial, and this quality may be partly due to the fact that the ground in that island is higher than in Guernsey.

Peculiar interest attaches to the agriculture of Guernsey and Jersey on account of the tenure of the land. Mill, Kay, Fawcett,—and especially Thornton, in his “Plea for Peasant Proprietors,”—look upon these islands as an illustrious example of the advantage of small freeholds. And

to a certain extent they are justified in doing so. The population is about twice as dense as in England. Mendicancy and pauperism are almost unknown. The two so-called hospitals which exist in Guernsey, as much for the poor as for the sick, contain no inmates who have been compelled to go there for want of work, but only the drunken and the dissolute, who have impoverished themselves by vice. The cottages are palaces compared with the hovels in which our farm labourers too often live. They are beautiful without, in their covering of creeping flowering plants, and surrounded by their fragrant fruitful gardens. Within there is comfort and more than comfort. They nearly all have two storeys. In every room there are pulley windows, with large square panes of glass, instead of the leaded casements and small diamond-shaped panes of our own cottages. The crockery and kitchen utensils are abundant, and there is generally a good-sized fitch of bacon hanging from the kitchen ceiling. The inmates are well-clad, and are never seen ragged or disreputable. On the week days they wear a blue blouse, like that worn by the Breton peasants ; on the Sundays they are clad in broad cloth. In Jersey the houses are not so well built, nor are they so well furnished, but there is always an ample accommodation for the maintenance of decency, which is so sorely outraged in English cottages. In both islands gavelkind prevails. Each child inherits an equal share of the father's property, save that the eldest son is entitled to the house and sixteen perches of land surrounding, in Guernsey, and thirty perches in Jersey. The consequence is that the estates are very small, and are worked by the owners, with the unfailing industry, the unwearying toil, already referred to. It does not appear that the estates are becoming smaller and

more numerous. In some cases, as in France, the younger sons, when they find that they cannot profitably work their inheritance on account of its restricted limits, sell it to their elder brother. Marriage also tends to keep the estates pretty much as they were. As to the effect of the law of inheritance upon the practical agriculture of the islands, there is very strong and conclusive testimony that it has acted advantageously. The crops are large, and the land as a whole is well cultivated, though here and there one may see patches of nettles and weeds, where they ought not to be. As a rule, cultivation is carried to the utmost pitch of perfection. The owners know that they cannot afford to lose any portion of their small estates. Of course in farms that rarely exceed ten acres, there is no demand for the costly implements which the owners of large estates love to use. This absence is, in fact, the main objection which the owners of large estates have to the petty freeholds of the Channel Islands. Such occupations must ever stand as the one great obstacle to the general introduction of implements. The subject is one in which there is much to be said on either side ; but it does not follow that because in England, labour being dear and machinery cheap, it is better to have large farms where machinery can be used than small ones where it cannot, that the same rule applies to a country where human labour is the cheapest of all commodities.

Although the foundation rock of the Channel Islands is granite, the soil is often very fertile. In Jersey especially, there is a large quantity of rich loam. This island is well studded with trees of many kinds, but of late years a large number of apple-trees have been cut down, and the orchards turned into arable land. The land is

held on various tenures, but chiefly on leases which must not exceed nine years, or as freehold. The latter tenure may be acquired in a manner which is, so far as I know, unique. A portion of the purchase-money is paid down, and the rest is paid in rent, being, in fact, a permanent mortgage, with the difference that the mortgagee has no power to foreclose. So long as the rent is paid, so long is the owner left in undisputed possession ; should he fail to pay, the land returns to the original proprietor. This practice often works well, by enabling persons of restricted means to become landowners ; but it sometimes tempts men without any resources to purchase land, and to commence building houses which they are unable to finish for want of funds, and they are frequently compelled to surrender their uncompleted work, simply because they have not resources sufficient to pay their rent. Rent used formerly to be paid partly in kind, but now instead of wheat being offered, a sum of money in lieu of it is usual ; a quarter of wheat being commuted into a cash payment of 15s. 5d. No landholder has the power to devise land by will, but it must follow the law of succession, by which two-thirds are divided among the sons, and one-third among the daughters. This law leads to a great sub-division of land, and in Jersey there are no estates exceeding sixty acres, and in Guernsey few so high as forty. The rent of land is high. Near St. Helier's it reaches 9*l.* an acre, and at a distance varies from 4*l.* 10s. to 7*l.* 10s. In Guernsey the price is not so high, and land may be obtained within a mile of the town at 5*l.* an acre. The rotation of crops is very much the same in both islands. In the first year are grown turnips, mangold, parsnips, &c. ; in the second, potatoes, carrots, and parsnips ; in the third, wheat, in which are



sown clover and rye-grass ; in the fourth and fifth years, hay. A farm of twenty acres will have ten acres of hay and pasture, four and three-quarters of roots, two acres of potatoes, and, of wheat, three and a quarter acres. The stock would generally consist of two horses, six heifers, six cows, and eight pigs. The manure from these animals is carefully collected for use on the land. Such a farm would require the services of two men and two women. As a rule the farmer would not go beyond his own household for labour, since every member of it would work upon the farm. Where hired labour is necessary, the wages would be 2s. a day for men, and 1s. a day for women without food ; where food is given, half those amounts. In a few instances, servants are boarded and lodged, and they then get 12*l.* to 14*l.* a year if men, 8*l.* to 10*l.* if women. The cattle of the Channel Islands are famous all the world over. They are called Alderney because they originally came thence, but that island supplies very few now. In Jersey and Guernsey they abound ; and so proud are the islanders of them, that very stringent laws are in force to prevent the introduction of other breeds. The Alderney cattle are small and beautifully shaped. The cows are very docile, but the bulls generally get wild after two years of age, and are sold. The colours most prized are red and white, and grey and fawn ; the brindled are rare and are little valued. The farmer generally arranges that his cows shall calve during the first three months of the year. In the winter they are housed at night. They are always tethered, and it is usual to shift the stake every three hours. There are some cows milked three times a day. An average yield is fourteen quarts per day, and from eight to nine pounds of butter a week. A two years old

in-calf heifer will sell for 12*l.*, a first-class cow at four years will fetch 25*l.* Bulls generally fetch 12*l.* Sheep are scarcely to be seen throughout the islands. Fertile as the islands are, they cannot supply entirely their own wants, and it is necessary to import meat, eggs, and cereals from England, France, and America.

Few countries so restricted in extent, and of such small importance to the rest of the world, are so fortunate as to possess the full and minute histories which the Channel Islands enjoy. Guernsey has been particularly happy in this respect. Not to mention the works of Dicey, Berry, Jacob, and the better known work of Duncan, Mr. Tupper has published two elaborate volumes bearing upon the history of the island: the one a monograph devoted to the chronicle of Castle Cornet, the other a consecutive narrative of events in Guernsey from the earliest time. Jersey has not fared quite so well. The well-known work of the Rev. Richard Falle, written 150 years ago, is a somewhat dry book, and its modern editor, Mr. Durell, has not made it lively. Two octavo volumes have been written by Mr. Elliott Hoskins on the residence of Charles II. in the islands. There are other works, too numerous to mention, and unless the reader should have an especial interest in the Channel Islands he will find Mr. Tupper's history, and the historical chapters which Dr. Latham has contributed to Mr. Ansted's book, so frequently referred to in this paper, quite sufficient.

The early history of the island is lost in myth and ecclesiastical legend. There are earlier and yet more trustworthy records than these. These are the Druidical remains which are scattered throughout the islands; sometimes in the form of a *maenhir* or a monolith, similar, though not equal to, the famous stone at Dol in

Brittany ; sometimes in the shape of cromlechs, or upright stones supporting a superincumbent stone. Flint knives are found in abundance. Passing from early and trustworthy relics to later and untrustworthy legends, there is every reason to believe that the islands were first peopled from the neighbouring Gaul, and that the inhabitants were converted to Christianity by some of the Irish saints and missionaries of St. Columba. Magloire, from whom the town of St. Malo in Brittany derives its name, was an historical person, and was an Irishman. He did much for the conversion of Brittany, but there are two saints who claim precedence of him so far as regards the islands. The most famous man in the Guernseyan calendar is St. Sampson. He was not an Irishman, though he was a Celt. He was Bishop of St. David's, in Wales, and taking refuge in Brittany from the Saxon persecution, he subsequently visited Guernsey, and about the year 520 left among the islanders an imperishable name. He caused a chapel to be erected on the spot where he landed, and it was afterwards dedicated to him. There seem to have been two Sampsons, and it is not easy to assign to them their respective shares in the miracles which are plentifully ascribed to them. It appears that the most famous of them became Bishop of Dol, to which diocese the islands were attached previously to their connection with the diocese of Coutances, which was itself prior to the connection with the diocese of Winchester, of which they now form a part. St. Helerius, the patron saint of Jersey, and especially of the capital, which owes its name to him, came not from England, but from Germany. Helerius was the child of a couple that had long been childless, and who were promised offspring by a monk, Ennibert, on condition that the infant should be

dedicated to Ennibert and the service of God. The parents were loth to fulfil their promise, and so all at once their son, who had been unusually strong and healthy, was stricken with paralysis. When the suffering child was on the point of death, Ennibert once more came forth, and claimed him. This time there was no delay, and Helelius was healed so soon as he was surrendered. The catalogue of this saint's miracles is so long that we will not even abridge it. He inflicted great tortures upon himself, after the fashion of those days. He went to Jersey as a missionary, and eventually suffered martyrdom at the hands of the Vandals, who cut off his head. Before this Jersey had been called Cæsarea. Falle derives the modern from the ancient name. The suffix *ey*, found also in Guernsey and Alderney, is undoubtedly the German for island. Falle finds no difficulty in converting Cæsar into *Jer*, and believes that Jerbourg, one of the points in Guernsey, is really Cæsar's burg. Philology was but a rude science in the days of William III. and the historian of Jersey, and it is more probable that Dr. Latham is right in interpreting Jersey to mean the grass isle, and Guernsey the green isle.

In the ninth century the islands received unwelcome visitors, the Danes and the Norwegians, who—according to the twelfth century *Roman de Rou* of Wace, the Jersey poet—landed—

“ En Auremen, en Guernesî,  
En Saire, en Erm, en Gersi.”

Somewhat previous to this it is supposed occurred a great convulsion of nature which, among other effects, separated the Hanois from the mainland of Guernsey, and swallowed up the woods that now lie submerged beneath the sands of Vazon Bay and of Mont St. Michel.

The Channel Islands were Breton before they were Norman, but at the time of the Conquest they formed part of the possession of the Dukes of Normandy. Subsequently to that event their position varied. They were English under William I., Norman under Rufus, English under Henry I., Norman again under Stephen. With Henry II. the islands reverted to the English kings. In the reign of John, Normandy returned to the kings of France, but the adjacent islands remained, as they have ever since remained, connected with England. Only politically, however; ecclesiastically they were still a part of Normandy, and subject to the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of Coutances, and continued so for four hundred years. John transferred them to Exeter for a short time, and Henry VI. transferred them to Salisbury with the consent of pope Alexander VI.; but these changes were only temporary, and it was not until after the establishment of the Reformation that the Bishop of Coutances acted for the last time as Metropolitan of the Islands. King John has, so far as the Channel Islands are concerned, obtained greater credit than he deserves. It has been said of him that he granted to them willingly that which was extorted from him by England. It seems nearly certain that the Constitution of the islands, by which they were independent of the laws of England, was in existence prior to the reign of the conceder of Magna Charta.

Sark was captured by the French in the year 1549. Its recapture was brought about in a romantic manner well told by Sir Walter Raleigh, and by later and less illustrious chroniclers. The place is by nature so strong that to capture it in the face of an armed garrison was impossible. The ingenuity of a Netherlands gentleman accom-

plished what force could not have done. Anchoring off the island with a ship, he pretended that the merchant who had freighted it had died on board; and besought permission of the French to land the body and bury it, offering them a present of commodities by way of payment. The French consented on the condition that the Flemings landed without arms. As the latter one by one stepped out of the boat which brought them from the ship to the island, each was examined so rigidly that it would have been impossible to conceal a pen-knife. Satisfied that their visitors were harmless, some of the French in their turn got into the boat and pulled off to the ship, in order to receive their promised reward. No sooner had they set foot on board than they were made prisoners. Meanwhile the funeral party bearing the coffin toiled slowly up the steep cliffs until they came to the chapel. Here they were allowed to be alone in order that no stranger might intermeddle with their sorrow. Quickly then did they open the coffin, which proved to be another Trojan horse, full, if not of armed men, at least of arms. With these the sham mourners equipped themselves, and sallying forth rushed upon the French. They ran down to the beach and called to their companions to return. A boat that put off from the ship promised a prompt response to their summons, but when it reached the shore it was found to be full of Flemings, who, with their comrades, soon completed their stratagem, and delivered Sark from the rule of France. Such is the story. A less romantic narrative ascribes the reconquest of Sark to the Dutch, who, landing in the night, surprised the French in their beds.

The Anglo-Norman islands were not so isolated but that they felt the influence of the great politico-religious

movement of Tudor times. Edward VI. abolished the mass in the islands, and the English liturgy was translated into French and ordered to be used. With Mary the Roman religion became once more the established faith, and terrible were the persecutions to which the Protestants were exposed. The Dean of Guernsey, James Amy, was pre-eminent in cruelty. His name is associated with that atrocious case of cruelty recorded by Foxe the martyrologist, in which a poor woman, having been condemned to death for holding the Protestant faith, in spite of her protest that she was quite willing to adopt the religion which was most pleasing to the Queen, gave birth to a child in the flames.

During the reign of Elizabeth, religious persecutions continued, the Romanists being now the subjects of them. Nor was religion the only cause of martyrdom. Witchcraft found believers there as devout as in Scotland or in Spain ; and the supposed witches met with the fate common at that time. The reformation in the Channel Islands did not tend towards prelacy. Presbyterianism was the favourite form of Church government until James I. made bishops compulsory. The ordinances of the Royal Court of Jersey about this time were singularly arbitrary. Not only was the exportation of corn and cattle forbidden, and the right of the chase confined to a few of "the upper ten," but no person was allowed to keep more than one dog without special permission, nor to lodge strangers. The owners of ships were not permitted to leave the port until other ships had returned. The inhabitants were compelled to attend church not only on Sunday twice a day, under a penalty, but one person at least from each house on Wednesdays. Adulterers were to be imprisoned three weeks, and on each Saturday



exposed to the public gaze, and flogged until the blood flowed.

It might have been thought that as the islands enjoyed their own institutions, and had no practical concern in the quarrel between Charles I. and the Parliament, they would have kept out of it. They did so for a time ; but as the struggle went on, and grew more embittered, they were drawn into it. The two chief islands took different sides, Jersey was for the King, Guernsey for the Parliament. The acting governors were both devoted Royalists, and took frequent counsel of each other. In Guernsey, Castle Cornet was held for the King, and defied the assaults of the townspeople for nine years.

In 1650 the inhabitants of Guernsey were so dissatisfied at the length of the siege, that they addressed a remonstrant letter to the then Governor of the Island, Major Harrison, complaining of the inefficiency of the Parliamentary officers, and offering to storm the place for themselves. The attempt failed signally, albeit the defenders do not seem to have been more than fourscore in number at the utmost. It required the exertions of one of England's greatest heroes to subdue this stronghold. On October 20, 1651, about eighty vessels, which were only a part of the force commanded by Blake, appeared off Jersey, captured St. Aubin Fort on the 23rd, and Mont Orgueil on the 27th. Sir George Carteret, the Governor, retired to Elizabeth Castle with 340 men. He refused the summons to surrender. The place was then regularly bombarded. For seven weeks Cartaret held out ; but being unable to restore the losses caused by wounds and disease, being moreover depressed by the tidings of the defeat at Worcester, he surrendered with favourable terms on December 15th. On the same day Castle Cornet

capitulated ; but so gallant had been the defence of the little garrison, that, having to do with brave foes, they were allowed conditions unusually honourable. The garrison were permitted to walk out with colours flying, and with their arms. They were the last persons, and Castle Cornet was the last place, in all the British European dominions, to acknowledge the rule of Cromwell.

In the reign of William and Mary occurred the cessation of the privilege of neutrality. That was patiently borne, inasmuch as it enabled the islanders to profit largely by privateering. In 1692 was fought the celebrated naval engagement of Cape La Hogue. It was brought about by a Guernseyman, Mr. Tupper, who, at the risk of capture, passed through or in sight of the French fleet, and conveyed to Admiral Russell, who commanded the combined English and Dutch fleets, intelligence that the French Admiral Tourville, the victor in the engagement off Beachy Head, was in the Channel. A battle followed, which inflicted a fatal and irremediable blow upon the naval power of France. From that time the history of Guernsey, until within a very recent period, offers no incidents of particular interest. Although constantly threatened by the French during the long wars of the eighteenth century, the island escaped even an assault. Jersey was not so fortunate. In 1779 and 1781 two attempts were made to capture St. Helier's. Baron de Rullecourt, having been steered by a local pilot, landed at night in Grouville, and by dawn had marched into the market place of St. Helier's, surprised the guard, captured the lieutenant-governor, Major Corbet, and extorted his signature of surrender. He was prevailed upon to address an order to the royal troops, confining them to their barracks, and was placed in front of the French troops as

they marched to Elizabeth Castle, which was summoned to surrender. The officers who held it refused, and soon the regiments of the line and the local militia came up. Rullecourt demanded that these should lay down their arms in accordance with the lieutenant-governor's capitulation. Major Pierson replied in their behalf that unless within twenty minutes the French surrendered as prisoners of war they would be attacked. Rullecourt refused to yield; and placing the unhappy lieutenant-governor in the front, awaited the attack, which no doubt he hoped would not be made out of regard to the prisoner. He deceived himself; a charge was made. Rullecourt held the governor by the arm, in order that the latter might share the fate of the former. Rullecourt fell, and at the same time Pierson unhappily received his death-wound. His death is the subject of one of Copley's best paintings. Corbet escaped, was tried by court-martial, and deprived of his lieutenant-governorship. Subsequently he was dealt leniently with, thus negating the idea that he had been guilty of treachery.

The event of greatest interest in the contemporary history of the Channel Islands is the unfortunate dispute between Sir William Napier and the local authorities of Guernsey twenty-six years ago. The historian of the Peninsular War was appointed lieutenant-governor of the island in 1842, and was at that time broken in health and an acute sufferer from the wound that he had received during the famous campaign which he afterwards chronicled. This trial, no doubt, to some extent affected his temper, and rendered him unfit to remove asperities or to smooth down difficulties, in case any arose, between the islanders and the representative of the Sovereign. He soon discovered abuses in the local government, and attacked

them with perhaps more vigour than discretion. The Royal Court and the officials whom it appointed he found to be almost invariably relatives, and as there was no representative government worthy of the name, the people were at the mercy of a very small oligarchy. The mode of administering justice was particularly objectionable. The Royal Court sat first as magistrates with closed doors to receive accusations ; then as a grand jury in secret to decide if there was any case for trial ; then as petty jury to try the case, and on the trial they took the practice of the English or the French courts for precedents as suited their convenience. Having acted as jurymen to condemn, they subsequently acted as judge to pass sentence. They had the power to pass what sentences they chose, and although there was a nominal appeal to the crown, practically there was none. The advocates who pleaded before them were restricted to six, and were generally near relatives of members of the Court. In 1836 the Court ordered a man to a severe flogging and transportation. The then Governor thought the punishment excessive, and appealed to the Home Secretary (Lord John Russell). The latter ordered the punishment to be stayed. The reply which he received was that the Court never suffered any delay, and that the sentence had already been executed. Lord John Russell then ordered that no such punishment should be inflicted in future without the consent of the Secretary of State. To this order no attention was paid. Sir William Napier was far too advanced a radical to witness with complacency or toleration the despotism of the island oligarchy. Circumstances soon arose which brought the two parties into violent collision. They are too long to detail here. Suffice it to say that the quarrel was carried to such an

extremity that a plot was alleged to have been laid to take the Governor's life, and one morning, greatly to the surprise of the Guernsey men, a detachment of 400 troops from England was landed. The islanders were very indignant at the imputation upon their loyalty, and strenuously denied the existence of a plot. Eventually a Royal Commission was appointed, which effected great reforms in the administration of the laws in Guernsey.

The constitution of the Channel Islands is so peculiar that it might be the subject of an entire article. It can be only briefly dealt with in these pages. Those of my readers who desire fuller information cannot do better than consult the twenty-third chapter of Mr. Ansted's and Dr. Latham's joint volume. From this work we learn that for all constitutional, political, ecclesiastical, and law purposes, the Channel Islands are divided into two groups. Jersey alone constitutes one of these, and Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark, together with Herm, and the adjacent smaller islands, composing what is called the "Bailiwick of Guernsey," make up the other. Alderney and Sark, have, however, separate legal existence, and the Seigneur of Sark, at present an English clergyman, owns no authority out of the island, save that of the Queen. In Jersey and Guernsey the governing bodies are termed States, which are composed partly of officials appointed by the Crown, partly of representatives elected by the people. The officials in Jersey consist of the lieutenant-governor, the bailiffs, the rectors of the twelve parishes. The elected members are the twelve jurats of the Royal Court, who are chosen for life by the ratepayers; the constables of the twelve parishes, and fourteen deputies, making fifty-two members in all. In Guernsey there are two bodies, the one styled the Elective States, and con-

sisting of 222 members, the other the States of Deliberation, consisting of 37 members. Of the first, 200 are directly elective, while in twelve of the rest the popular element is mixed up. The duty of the Elective States is confined to the election of the jurats and the sheriff. The States of Deliberation hold a far more important position, and contain the bailiff, the twelve jurats of the Royal Court, the rectors, the Queen's Procureur, the six deputies from the town parish, and the nine deputies from the country parishes. The States of Jersey are not convenable without the consent of the governor. The bailiff presides, but the governor has a veto on all questions deliberated, which he sometimes exercises. The States may pass *ordonnances* which have force for three years and may then be renewed. Laws intended to be permanent must be submitted to the Sovereign in Council. If approved, they are registered, and become binding without further action. The public business is largely conducted by standing committees. The States of Deliberation in Guernsey are summoned by a *billet d'état* issued by the bailiff a week beforehand, and mentioning the projects of law to be brought forward and the arguments of the bailiff. He presides *ex-officio*, and the sheriff gives notice of the meeting to the lieutenant-governor, who, if he attends, sits on the right hand of the bailiff, and may speak, but must not vote. Formerly the States were allowed only to accept or reject the measures proposed by the bailiff, but the reforms of 1844 permitted the members of the States to move amendments. With this body rest the levying and the appropriation of taxes. In each island there is a Royal Court; that in Jersey possesses judicial functions alone; its former power of passing ordinances without the consent of the States,

having been abolished in 1771. In Guernsey the Royal Court still retains legislative power. It may form *ordonnances* which take effect without the consent of the lieutenant-governor or the concurrence of the people, but if intended to be lasting are laid before the States for approval. The Court has the power of enforcing obedience to its laws by its infliction of fines, and there is no appeal from its decisions. In both islands the Royal Courts are courts of justice, distributed into several branches. The law of the islands is derived from five sources; the Customary Law, Royal Charters, Orders of the Sovereign in Council, the Ordinances of the States, and certain statutes of the realm. The forms of proceeding in criminal cases in Guernsey were, until lately, very objectionable; but since the reforms set on foot by Sir William Napier and Sir James Graham, they have been assimilated to the forms of the English courts. In Jersey there is still great room for improvement. The advocates practising in the Jersey courts are not limited as to number, and must be either members of the English bar, or have obtained a law degree at Oxford or Cambridge, or have passed an examination on the island. In Guernsey the number is limited to six. As a rule the advocates study law not at the Temple nor the other Inns of Court in England, but at Caen in Normandy, or Rennes in Brittany. Parochial affairs are managed by bodies whom the ratepayers elect. In Guernsey these representatives are called vingteniers, in Jersey douzainiers; the latter are elected for life, and sit in the States of election which choose the jurats and the sheriffs.

The Channel Islands are eminently prosperous communities. Taxation is light, the public debt small; there is no want of enterprise in carrying out improvements, as



the harbours of St. Helier's and St. Peter's Port prove. The confidence of the islanders in the stability of their own credit is proved by the readiness with which they will take up the bonds issued by the local government, when it is necessary to raise a loan. A military spirit is encouraged by the militia. Every male between the ages of seventeen and sixty-five in Jersey, and between sixteen and sixty in Guernsey, is bound to provide arms and ammunition, to attend drill, to help maintain the numerous fortifications in repair, and to keep watch and guard around the island by day and by night. That the islanders are too wedded to old customs, when proved to be bad, cannot be doubted; and the obstinate resistance which the Guernseymen offered to political reforms that were sorely needed, is one of the least creditable facts in their history. In both islands there is a good deal of class feeling. The old families are too apt to look down upon those who are not owners of territory, but have made money in trade and commerce, although in so doing the latter have greatly contributed to the prosperity of the whole community. In Guernsey, not long since, society was divided into two sets—the families who prided themselves on ancient descent and landed estates, and who called themselves the “Sixties,” from the number of families admitted within the upper ranks at the time of building the present Assembly Rooms; and the families who had gained fortunes in business, and during the great war with France, and who were called the “Forties.” In Jersey the rival factions were known respectively as the “Laurel” and the “Rose.” The same degree of insularity does not prevail now. The increase in the number of tourists has, to a considerable degree, corrected it. This change has not been wholly

advantageous. Jersey especially has suffered in manners and morals by the influx of a class of residents best described as *mauvais sujets*. These are chiefly Irish, Scotch, and French. Many political refugees, especially from France, have taken up their abode here; among them is M. Victor Hugo, whom the Jerseymen refused to shelter, and who thereupon betook himself to the more hospitable Guernsey. By way of acknowledgment for its hospitality, he has made the island the scene of "*Les Travailleurs de la Mer*." In the Channel Islands drunkenness is somewhat prevalent, but not so much as might be expected, when it is remembered that an additional temptation to this vice exists in the low price at which, from lightness of taxation, alcoholic drinks can be obtained. On the other hand, fortunately, there are no drink-shops in the country parishes. In three respects Guernsey is superior to Jersey; in the first island the population are longer lived than in the second, they are more religious, and they are better educated. These three advantages are probably closely connected. Good morals and religion are the result of good education, and tend to longevity. The schools being better attended, and vice being less prevalent, many diseases are avoided, and so the words of the wise man of old are verified, that wisdom hath length of days in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. The religiousness of the Guernsey men is worthy of special remark. Methodism early took root among them, and at the present time has a strong hold of the population. In the town there are to be found the usual variety of religious communities; but in the country parishes the inhabitants—who almost universally attend Divine worship—are with few exceptions either Churchmen or Wesleyans. In the town churches it is

customary to hold the services in two languages, generally in French in the morning, and in English in the evening. In the country churches French is for the most part exclusively used. The Wesleyans have two distinct organizations. They have chapels and circuits in which English alone is used, and others in which French is exclusively resorted to. The latter are more numerous, and in all but about two country parishes in each of the principal islands, the French chapels stand alone. Crimes of violence are exceedingly rare in all the islands. Property is respected in a community where beggars are unknown, and every one possesses something that he can call his own. Altogether the English tourist, and indeed the Englishman in search of a comfortable home, may go farther and fare worse than he will fare in the Anglo-Norman Archipelago.

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### ITINERARY.

The Channel Islands, that is to say, Guernsey and Jersey, may be reached from either Southampton or Weymouth. During the summer a steamer plies between the Islands and Plymouth. For Londoners the first-mentioned port of departure is the best, since it is but a little more than half the distance from the metropolis of the second, and is less than a third of the last. On the other hand the sea-passage is about an hour shorter by Weymouth. The decision must therefore be left with the individual tourist, who will determine accordingly as he thinks more of his pocket or of his stomach. The packet fares are the same on the two first routes, 20s. or 14s., first or second class, for the single journey,

and 33s. or 23s. for the two journeys. Both lines having mail steamers, both leave England late at night. The traveller who goes *viâ* Weymouth loses nothing by this untimely hour of starting ; but the passenger *viâ* Southampton fails to see the charming views of Southampton Water and the Isle of Wight. If he is making the passage at the latter end of July or the beginning of August, he will find himself about sunrise off the Casquets lighthouse, the rocky outpost of the Channel archipelago. By seven o'clock he will be close to Castle Cornet, which guards the entrance to St. Peter's Port, more popularly called Peterport, the capital of Guernsey. There is a noble pier for disembarking, and a walk from end to end is welcome to limbs that have perhaps been cramped in a berth all the night. The town rises abruptly from the sea. Along the margin of the sea are many hotels and lodging houses, but the situation is too much shut in, and is moreover hot and glaring on a summer morning. It is better to mount the hill and find a lodging on higher ground. Unfortunately, you are not likely to get a sea view, for the town lies at right angles instead of parallel to the sea. Guernsey has the reputation of being a very cheap residence, and so it doubtless is for permanent residents, but lodgings are not remarkably low. They are, however, considerably less than in the most popular English watering places. Three bed-rooms and a sitting-room will cost from 25s. to 30s. a week. Locomotion is both in Guernsey and Jersey remarkably cheap ; always excepting the cab hire from the pier into the town ; this is extortionate, even to robbery. The hire of a two-horse carriage for the day will be something under a pound, and in a day you may see the whole of Guernsey easily, and the greater part of Jersey.

It is scarcely necessary to detail the various points that should be visited in Guernsey. They cannot be missed. The series of bays on the south are as charming as anything to be seen in the Queen's dominions. The rocks, from whence you gaze on the Hanois lighthouse, are very bold. Then, proceeding along the base of the triangle which constitutes Guernsey, you have an entire change; long stretches of land, interspersed with black reefs of low rocks. This part of the island should be seen at low water, in order that its picturesque features may be thoroughly appreciated. The least interesting portion of the island lies between the southern extremity (near which is the small town of St. Sampson's) and Peter Port.

One of the greatest charms of Guernsey is the multitude of small islands that lie to the east of it. These add immensely to the beauty of the scene, and at the same time offer inducements to many a cruise. The islands of Herm and Jethou can be reached in less than an hour's sail, and Herm has a marvellous shell beach. Sark lies at about double the distance, and there are sailing boats which ply between that island and Guernsey frequently. The tourist might with advantage take one of these sailing boats on the Saturday, spend Sunday and Monday at the charming rustic hotel near d'Ixcart Bay, and return to Guernsey by the steamer, which during the summer runs every Monday between the islands. Alderney is farther off, and is reached by steamer once or twice a week. Very lovely is the cruise of two hours between Guernsey and Jersey. The tourist who likes to see a somewhat gay society will, on visiting the latter island, take up his quarters at St. Helier's. Not so the Londoner bent upon thorough change. He will flee the little Babylon of 30,000 inhabitants, and he can scarcely do

better than settle at Gorey, some six miles off, lying at the foot of the fine old castle of Mont Orgueil. But he should write for lodgings beforehand ; for Gorey is a small place, and he will do well to get a house on the hill. Thence he will have a noble view of the bay at his feet, of the castle opposite him, and of the long line of the French coast in the distance. Though Gorey is a small place, it is possible to obtain a good carriage and horses there and make the tour of the island. There are other parts of the island frequented by tourists, and offering many attractions. Such are St. Brelade's and St. Ouen's Bays.

The Channel Islands may be seen in a week, and can be thoroughly explored in a fortnight. It need hardly be said how much the interest of the tour will be increased if the tourist has sufficient time and money at command to enable him to visit Brittany. In something under four hours you can go from St. Helier's to St. Malo, the most picturesque of all entrances to France. From St. Malo there is train and diligence to Dinan, which can be taken, should the river Rance be too low (as it generally is in summer) for the passage of the St. Malo and Dinan steamer. From Dinan it is a day's journey *via* Dol to Mont St. Michel and Avranches. There pass the night. The next day take the diligence to Granville, where you will have an hour or two to stop, and thence on to Coutances, which contains one of the noblest cathedrals in France. From Coutances there is a diligence to St. Lo, where you once more enter the land of railways. St. Lo has two churches, and that of St. Cross with its double Norman aisle lately restored, should be visited. The Imperial horse breeding establishment is worth seeing. From St. Lo you can either take the train to Cherbourg, and thence back to England by the Cherbourg and Poole

steamer, or else extend your journey to Caen and Bayeux, two of the Norman towns best worth seeing, and subsequently to Cherbourg. The trip through Breton and Norman ground will occupy about a week, and is by no means costly. A visit might be paid to Rennes, the capital of Brittany, in addition to the places already named.

It should be added that English money will pass in the Channel Islands, and that there is a profit in changing it into the local coinage. Also that the visitor should on no account miss a visit to the markets at Peterport and St. Helier's. Though they are becoming more Anglicised every year, he will still see there some charming costumes, and hear some almost unintelligible patois. The costumes, however, are not to be compared with those worn in the smaller towns of Normandy and Brittany. These are some of the most picturesque in Europe.

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## CORNWALL AND THE CORNISH.

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CUVIER used to find in a fossil bone the whole history of the animal to which it belonged. Geology offers even more interesting information to the student who has any faculty for induction. The geological map of a country will tell him at a glance what manner of life the inhabitants lead. Glancing, for instance, at the black-tinted spaces representing the coal fields of Staffordshire or South Wales, he would infer at once that the people who lived there were very different from the people dwelling on the lightly-tinted chalk hills of Dorsetshire. In the latter district he would look to find a people of primitive manners, narrow intellect, most imperfect education, and possessing a great reverence for the classes above them in the social scale. In the former he would expect to meet with men of great shrewdness, energy, and self-reliance, with very little veneration for their 'betters' in worldly position. For the one district he would draw mental pictures of hamlets thinly scattered over vast ranges of pasture land, and thousands of sheep covering the grassy downs. For the other he would conjure up visions of great masses of men crowding together in large and dirty towns, overhung by a never-dispersed pall of smoke, hiding both sun and sky. The simple shepherd of Dorsetshire is the logical result of the chalk formation; the shrewd miner of Staffordshire is equally the logical result of the

coal measures. Change the stratum and you change the race so far as its habits go. The men have the same origin, yet they are as dissimilar in mind as coal and chalk are dissimilar in colour. Nor is it necessary to go to counties widely apart to find instances of this dissimilarity. De la Beche has contrasted two adjacent counties and their inhabitants, the agricultural labourers on the poor lands of the carbonaceous rocks in North Devon, and the miners of Cornwall. He says, "While the former are thinly distributed over the county, full of prejudices against improvements . . . the miners are thickly congregated in the neighbourhood of the working lodes, abound with intelligence, and from the constant exercise of their judgment are able to take correct and enlarged views of many other subjects than those immediately connected with their ordinary pursuits. . . . This contrast is evidently due to the difference of geologic formations; for if the granite, slate, and metalliferous veins of the one were transferred to the area now occupied by the sandstones and shales of the other, there is no reason why the population at present occupying North Devon should not be mentally as far advanced as the generality of Cornish miners."

There is certainly no county in England where the physical geography and the geology have so much influence upon the character of the inhabitants as Cornwall. A long narrow peninsula, all but '*meer-umschlungen*,' lying at the remotest corner of the kingdom, with an extent of coast much beyond that of any other county, Cornwall seems to have far more to do with that great world of waters which lies beyond it and around it, than with the land behind it, and with which it has but scanty communication. The roads are not thoroughfares, as in other

counties. They necessarily stop short when they get to *Finis Terræ*. The business of its inhabitants does not lie upon the highways, but in the deep of the sea and the deep of the earth. Thus the common toast, without which no Cornish feast is regular, is 'Fish, tin, and copper.' The labouring population is, according to the general estimation, divided into the two great races of fishermen and miners, each a hardy race, much exposed to dangers that demand thoughtfulness and prudence, and promote self-reliance and courage. There are, indeed, the tillers of the land, and even in agriculture the Cornishmen offer peculiarities, for Cornwall is the market garden of England, the source whence Covent Garden derives its main supply of early vegetables. But it is in the miners and the fishermen that we see the characteristics of the Cornish race most strongly marked. Not less than a tenth of the whole population of Cornwall is engaged in mining. The proportion engaged in fishing is no doubt considerably smaller, but is still large; and although the number employed in agriculture is as high as that occupied in mining, it is considerably below that of the agricultural class in other counties. In no county, moreover, does the farm labourer exercise an important social influence. His work is too much a matter of course and routine to develop his faculties. He is but a servant, and often little better than a serf, an *adscriptus glebæ*. But the miner and the fisherman are their own masters, and have to exercise all their faculties. It is by reason of these men that Cornubians have a character so distinctive.

There is, however, another circumstance that has tended powerfully to distinguish them from the inhabitants of the other parts of England. They have a different origin. According to the legend, an eastern queen, doubtless a

Phœnician, undertook a long sea voyage in order to see with her own eyes that famous Cornish coast which was known to be so rich in metals. The vessel which bore the adventurous heroine was wrecked on the same coast. Most of her courtiers were drowned, but the sailors being good swimmers saved both themselves and their sovereign. They built her a hut on the shore out of the wreck of the ship. They knelt down and did her homage. After a time her subjects grew tired of court formalities, in a country where each man had to work with his own hands, and had no time to spare for ceremonies. The queen grieved as she saw her attendants one after another forsaking courtly duties for the more active labours of fishing, hunting, and building. But at last Zenobia took a sensible view of her position. She allowed her maidens to be wooed by the sailors, and she herself was won by a young fisherman. They lived happily and had many children, the progenitors of the Cornubians of to-day, who are thus sprung from a royal stock, and are akin to the men of old Tyre and Sidon. There is an historical element in this legend. The inhabitants of Cornwall, like the other Kelts of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and Brittany, have undoubtedly an oriental origin. They had also relations with the Phœnicians, relations of trade if not of intermarriage. It is curious, by the way, to notice how popular traditions, current perhaps until half a century ago, and subsequently discredited by learned men, have still more lately been confirmed by more skilful philologists. The theory which ascribed to the Cornubians an oriental origin, was ridiculed by some of the antiquarians of a generation ago, who took for granted that because a story had obtained popular belief it was wholly false. But recent researches, and a better acquaintance with

eastern languages, have shown unmistakeably that the popular tradition had a good foundation.

There is no portion of the British Empire which has given rise to so much controversy among antiquarians as Cornwall. There is no county with such abundance of legendary annals. The legend of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table alone has given rise to quite a literature of its own. There are few Englishmen who will not desire to cherish that legend as veritable history, and there is little doubt that it has a considerable substratum of fact. Geology even seems to lend probability to the tale, by indicating that the lost land of Lyonesse may have had a real existence. Trustworthy records prove how great ravages the sea has made among the isles of Scilly, and it is quite within the range of possibility that the same destructive agency may have overwhelmed the land lying between the isles and Land's End, which according to the tradition once bore on its surface 140 towns or villages, with their churches. As to the connection of the Cornubians with the East, there are innumerable traces in the language and the antiquities of the country to show that the people spoke a tongue of Aryan origin, and that they worshipped the same gods as the fire and sun worshippers of the East. A no less learned man than Sir George Cornwall Lewis discarded the generally received belief that the Phœnicians traded with Cornwall. But a very competent combatant appeared in behalf of the popular tradition, and in his 'Cassiterides' Dr. George Smith clearly gained the best of the controversy, a fact which we believe the illustrious author of 'The Astronomy of the Antients' himself confessed. After all there is nothing incredible in the old story. It is not surprising that a nation sufficiently enterprising to

establish a settlement beyond the Pillars of Hercules should trade with the 'Tin Islands,' as Britain was called. The distance between Cornwall and Gades was short compared with that between Gades and Tyre. Less hypothetical than the connection with the Phœnicians is the warfare between the ancient Britons and the Saxons. The former, as every one knows, retreated into Wales and into Devonshire and Cornwall and into Brittany. They were so far able to maintain themselves, that they succeeded in preserving their language, and, for the most part, their national individuality. It is in Cornwall that the language has first ceased to be spoken. For less than two centuries it has been displaced as the chief and recognised means of intercommunication, although, according to Whittaker, it was still spoken by a few persons during the present century, subsequently, that is, to Dolly Pentreath, whose tomb in the churchyard of St. Paul, near Penzance, ascribes to her the fame of being the last speaker of Cornish. In Brittany the language still lingers, but is almost extinct. In Wales, on the other hand, there are districts where the old British language is the only one understood; and whereas the rector of Landewednack, near the Lizard, the last person to preach in Cornish, lived in 1687, the four Bishops of Wales have lately made it a requisite that their clergy shall be able to preach in Welsh. It is not difficult to understand so wide a chronological difference. Wales, doubtless, is much larger than Cornwall, and that fact alone would partly account for the greater vitality of the Keltic language in the first than in the second. Moreover, mountains tend far more to isolate than the sea does. Wales, the country of high hills, is much more secluded than Cornwall, the county of ports. The sea, in fact, is a great highway, to bring

various races into communication. Nothing can be more interesting than to trace out the relationship between Bretons, Welsh, and Cornishmen. It is abundantly apparent in the names of places and persons. The same patron saints are to be found, especially in Cornwall and Brittany, and it is a well attested fact that, towards the close of the last century, a Cornishman, a Welshman, and a Breton, each speaking his own language, conversed with one another intelligibly at Plymouth.

We have not space to dwell at any length upon the romances and legends in which Cornwall is rich probably beyond all other counties. Mr. Robert Hunt, to whom Cornwall had already become deeply indebted for his valuable mining statistics, has conferred a further obligation upon the county by his 'Romances and Drolls of the West of England.' Into these two volumes he has collected all the current traditions and tales relating to the giants, fairies, mermaids, rocks, lost cities, saints, demons, fire worship, the stainless King Arthur, the bloody monster Tregeagle; and for those who love this kind of lore no work could be more interesting. St. Michael's Mount and Carn Brea were, as might have been expected of such noticeable spots, closely connected with the old heroic days. Historically, Carn Brea is undoubtedly Druidical. The Mount, we have very clear information, became a religious shrine in Saxon times. The very words of the Charter by which it was conveyed for sacred purposes are extant. They run: 'I, Edward (the Confessor), by the Grace of God King of the English, willing to give the price for the redemption of my soul and of the souls of my parents, with the consent and testimony of some good men, have delivered to St. Michael, the Archangel, for the use of the brethren, serving God



in the same place, St. Michael.' In Norman times this mount and chapel were made one of the dependencies of St. Michael's Mount in Normandy, to which the Cornish mount bears so striking a similarity. It obtained a great reputation among mediæval religionists, as testify the following lines :—

“ Who knows not Mighell's Mount and chair, the pilgrim's holy  
vaunt,  
Both land and island twice a day, both fort and port of  
haunt ? ”

Passing from legendary and historical to the actual Cornwall, we must notice first the physical peculiarities of this remarkable county. A long narrow peninsula, about eighty miles in length, and generally not more than twenty miles broad, it stretches out into the sea in a south-westerly direction, and while exposed to the full fury of the Atlantic, which dashes madly against its iron-bound coast, it is subject to the gentler influence of the gulf-stream. Thus, while frequently visited by storms, it enjoys a milder climate than any other part of England. In Mount's Bay especially, which is open to the south, the average winter temperature is  $5\frac{1}{2}$  degrees higher, and in summer  $1\frac{8}{10}$  lower than that of London, so that greenhouse flowers thrive even during the winter in the open air, and on January 1, 1851, there were no fewer than fifty-eight plants in full bloom in the gardens and fields near Penzance. Together with this equability of temperature is a great prevalence of humidity. ‘A shower every week-day and two showers on Sunday’ are said to be the proper allowance of rain in Cornwall. Most winds, moreover, are supposed to bring up the clouds, as we may learn from the following stanza :—

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“ The south wind blows and brings wet weather ;  
The north brings wet and cold together ;  
The west wind comes and brings us rain ;  
The east wind drives it back again.”

Nevertheless the rain is more frequent than excessive. The average rainfall for the year is 44 inches against 31, which is the average for the whole country ; a small excess when compared with Dartmoor, which has  $57\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and with Keswick, which has over 100 inches, or Seathwaite, which has 136. This prevalence of humid atmosphere and cloudy skies materially affects the agriculture of Cornwall, and renders the county admirably adapted for early vegetables and for root crops, and also for garden flowers, but renders it less suitable for cereals and fruits. During the wet summer of 1860, Cornwall, although its rainfall was less than that of other counties, suffered more as to its harvest. Day after day the skies seemed dissolved into mist. The gathered sheaves were sodden, and the ripe grain sprouted, or else on the higher lands, where the corn ripens more slowly, it remained green throughout the autumn, and there were instances in which the crops were not housed until November. Mr. Nicholas Whitley, the well-known Cornish *savan*, has admirably described the climate of Cornwall. The Atlantic, whose waters close to the Cornish coast never in winter fall below  $46^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit, and farther out are still warmer, acts as a storehouse of heat, and the air sweeping over its surface partakes of its temperature. Thus, let the cold be ever so intense, the westerly wind springs up from the sea and drives it back. During the great cold of December, 1860, when near Nottingham the thermometer marked  $8^{\circ}$  below zero, the lowest thermometer at Truro was  $13^{\circ}$ ; and in the Scilly Islands  $24^{\circ}$ . Mr. Whitley adds :—

“The wind makes the weather; and it is this battle of the east with the west which, like a shuttlecock driven to and fro, causes the variation of our climate. There is a magic touch and a mighty power about this brave west wind, which in winter we should thankfully acknowledge. In the middle of December, 1859, the cold from the north-east had coated Cornwall with snow, and loaded the trees and hedgerows with masses of glittering crystals. A falling barometer indicated that the generous hero of the west was approaching. His first blast was cold and chilly; but on—on—roaring and groaning he came, sighing through the trees and hedgerows, and the snow fell in heavy lumps from the boughs. From the western sides of hills and from the more exposed brows of the land, the snow melted rapidly away, and so effective was his influence, that lines of temperature might almost be drawn upon the delicately-shaded surface; and within twenty-four hours the mantle of winter was gone, and the emerald green of spring returned, except that here and there were left some patches of snow which had skulked under the eastern side of a hedge; and the thermometer ranged from 50° at night to 54° by day. I have often marked the influence of this wind with wonder and admiration. But in summer admiration changes into dislike. “Fair weather” may come “out of the north;” but the tyrant of the west rolls in, cloud on cloud, till masses of vapour obscure the sun, which day after day no ray of his can pierce. The long pendant streams of condensing vapour float over the languishing ears of corn, or descend in heavy rain to retard and injure the harvest. The sun may be a monarch in the desert where the “earth is fire and the sun a flame,” but in Cornwall we often see him as a “dim, discrowned God of day,” and long to feel more of his vivifying beams, gilding the fading corn and swelling the half-ripe fruit.”\*

Few countries could thrive under such a climate as this; yet the soil of Cornwall not only tolerates but requires such constant watering. This county suffered probably more than any other part of England during

\* Journal of the Bath and West of England Society, vol. ix. pp. 201, 202.

the drought of 1864. The geology of Cornwall explains this phenomenon. The Cornish rocks belong to the primary series. The grauwacke is the prevailing formation. Occasionally, as in the neighbourhood of Bodmin, Liskeard, Falmouth, and the Land's End, there are masses of granite which are quarried, and are of great commercial value. In the north there is an extensive bed of slate. It forms some of the finest rock scenery in England, that of Tintagel and Boscastle, a district full of heroic associations with King Arthur. It is worked on a large scale at Delabole, where indeed the demand almost exceeds the supply. Soils resting upon granite are poor when the rock is close-grained and compact. The rain water percolates through the soil, and lies like a cold sheet below it on the surface of the rock. Where, however, the crystallisation of the rock is large, and the stratum is broken up by many joints, there the drainage is good and the soil fertile. As to the slate rocks, when they are horizontal the soil is generally thin and without a sufficient depth of subsoil to regulate the supply of moisture to the plant, and in dry weather grass will quickly get burnt. When the slate beds dip with a deep clayey subsoil, and a strong soil over, the natural drainage is good, the ground is fertile, and agriculture prospers. These are the conditions which have made the farming around Probus the most productive in Cornwall. Throughout Cornwall there runs a central ridge of high land, much of it geologically akin to Dartmoor, and, like Dartmoor, desolate and barren. Gilpin travelling westwards from Launceston in search of the picturesque, saw nothing but a 'coarse, naked country, in all respects as uninteresting as can well be conceived.' He turned back when he reached Bodmin. Had he gone five miles farther

he would have found himself in one of the loveliest of wooded valleys, the Glynn Valley, through which the more fortunate railway traveller now passes and looks down from one of the lofty and seemingly fragile viaducts of the Cornwall Railway upon the river Fowey, some hundreds of feet below. Cornwall is full of such bosky vales. The Vale of Lanherne is one of the most romantic in England. The valley of the Truro river, with Tregothnan woods, has been declared equal to the Rhine by no less an authority than Queen Victoria.

We have already briefly indicated the style of husbandry adopted in Cornwall. We have pointed out that the climate and the soil are unfavourable to cereals, and that Cornish farmers will for the most part do better with pasture than arable land. But there is one peculiar species of Cornish farming to which we must refer more fully. The market gardening in the neighbourhood of Penzance and Falmouth, and in the Scilly Islands, is unique. The soil, locally termed 'growan,' is derived mainly from the decomposition of the green stone rocks, mixed with the *detritus* of the granite and the clay slate, and is full of the elements of fertility. The aspect and the climate also are eminently favourable. Sheltered from the north, and open to the south and to the warm south-west winds of winter, the thermometer rarely falls below 45°, and frosts are almost unknown. It is but recently, however, that the experiment of growing early brocoli and potatoes for the London market has been tried, and the trade has, during the last half dozen years, rapidly increased. It was in 1836 that the first early brocoli was sent to the metropolis. Four dozen were sold as a first speculation. The annual quantity now sent off by rail alone, independently of that sent by steamer, is

about 360,000 dozen, weighing some 240 tons. But even the brocoli is a secondary crop to the potato. The Rev. Thomas Phillpotts, in a paper published in the "Journal of the Bath and West of England Society," states that, in 1861, 10,226 baskets of early potatoes, weighing  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cwt. each, were shipped from Hayle, and that 32,560 were sent by rail, besides 13,712 sent from Scilly. This is equivalent to more than 3,500 tons, the produce of about four miles of land. Sometimes the produce brings in 360% an acre; but the average profit is 80%. The outgoings are heavy, and the manuring alone, which consists generally of rags, sometimes comes to 40% an acre. The average cost, including rent, is about the same sum, which, while it leaves room for an ample profit, also involves a heavy loss, if unhappily, the crop should fail. It is to this traffic and the fisheries that the two chief Cornish railways owe their deliverance from bankruptcy.

It is one of the 'things not generally known,' that the Methodists of Cornwall supply the Papists of Italy with the food which the latter eat on fast days. Such, however, is the fact. Nine thousand hogsheads of pilchards are sent to Italy on an average every year, and two-thirds of this quantity the bay of St. Ives supplies. Each hogshead contains about 27,000 fish, so that the Italians consume over 240,000,000 annually, or about ten for every man, woman, and child. The introduction of heresy by means of Protestant fish is prevented by the salt with which the fish are cured, and which is brought in large quantities from Catholic Spain. Next to mining, there is no employment in which the returns are so uncertain as the pilchard fishery. The quantity varies enormously from year to year. In 1847, a good year, the take

amounted to 41,623 hogsheads ; in 1862, a bad year, it was only 17,854. The year 1851 will be for ever memorable in the annals of St. Ives, not for the great Exhibition, for there were not many St. Ivesmen who journeyed so far as that, but because one 'schull' or shoal of fish yielded 5,555 hogsheads, or about 15,000,000 fish. A fortnight was spent in landing them from the time that they were first caught in the 'seine.' These figures will readily explain the variableness of fortune which attends the pilchard fishery. A net may be dropped and catch nothing, after weeks of waiting, or it may earn a thousand pounds at once. And, if the risks are great, and the profits sometimes large, the capital invested is by no means inconsiderable. There are about two hundred and fifty 'seines' in St. Ives, and these with their attendant boats and tackle have cost not much short of 100,000*l*. The number of seines is, however, far too numerous for them all to be employed, and so the owners have formed themselves into a few companies, who have bound themselves to use only a fourth of their tackle every year. The individual members of these companies are for the most part men not only of ample means, but of high social standing, and to be a partner in a seine is quite as respectable as to be a partner in a bank. The two capacities are not seldom united in the same person, who, in addition, is sometimes an M.P.

The pilchard fishery gives rise to the most picturesquely exciting spectacles. It is as different a scene as possible from that of the solitary angler, sitting patiently the whole day long by the side of some narrow stream, waiting for the disappearance of his float. On the cliffs above St. Ives and Mount's Bay, to which the pilchards chiefly resort, houses are erected in which men called



*huers* reside. It is their duty, especially during the months of June, July, August, and September, to keep constant watch for the approach of the fish. This is signified by a line of red in the sea. So soon as that appears the seemingly drowsy *huer* shouts with stentorian voice, *heva, heva* (found), and the cry is instantly taken up by the whole town, if the 'school,' or 'schull,' be in the neighbourhood of St. Ives. Then men, women, and children, after the Cornish motto, 'One and all,' rush down to see the boats push off. Each seine boat contains eight men; six who row, one who steers with an oar, and who assists the eighth to 'shoot' the seine. Two 'tow-boats,' containing five men each, follow the seine, and carry the 'stop-nets;' and lastly comes the *folyer*, evidently a corruption of follower, a little boat containing two lads, whose duty it is to wait upon the other boats. All these, as well as the *huers*, are paid regular wages, and get a share of the fish as well. Besides them are the *blowers*, who have no settled pay, and whose work consists in launching the boats carrying the seines, and pulling them when shot into sufficiently shallow water to secure them. The seine is a net, varying from about 1,000 feet long and 50 deep to 1,200 feet and 90 feet. On the top are corks, to keep the upper end afloat; at the bottom are leads to make it sink. This net costs about 185*l*. It is an anxious time until the order is given to 'shoot' the seine. It is a still more anxious moment when the net is dragged to shallow water, and for the first time the eager spectators are able to estimate the amount of their prey. As the fish are drawn landwards they beat the sea in their impotent efforts to escape, and make such a noise that they drown all other sounds. The process of taking the fish out of the seine is called *tucking*. The *tuckers*,

clad in oil skin, carry a huge bag, which they shoot round the fish in the net, and then empty with baskets into the *tuck-boats*. These boats, containing piles of what seems molten silver, then pull back to the beach. They are received by watermen, who stand in the sea often up to their armpits, and fill their baskets with fish taken from the *tuck-boats*, and carry them to the cellars, where they are lightly sprinkled with salt by young children. They are then thoroughly salted, and all night long the work goes on of erecting piles of alternate fish and salt. For six weeks the fish are left to stand there. Then they are thrown into water to free them from salt ; then they are pressed, the oil that escapes being carefully preserved and sold to the soap-makers. At last they are put into hogsh-heads prior to their export, chiefly to Italy, which acknowledges our contributions by sending some of the fish back to England under the name of anchovies. There is one peculiar difficulty with which the fishermen have to contend,—the phosphorescent light in the sea. This is often very vivid, and the effect of it is that every mesh of the seine becomes illuminated, and that the net stands up in the sea as a luminous wall, which the fish are very careful to avoid. As to the pilchard himself, his love for this particular spot of the globe (he is found in few other places) has given rise to many conjectures. Amongst other theories it is suggested that he is attracted by the love of a special kind of food, the remains of the fern-web, which have been washed down and mixed with the sand gravel of the coast. But the writer of a very interesting article in the “*Dublin University Magazine*,” for October, 1860, from whom I have borrowed some of these facts, doubts the soundness of this theory, and urges against it that, if it were correct, we should discover the

remains of this food on cutting open the fish, whereas nothing of the sort is found. It is more probable that the fish feed upon the insects who feed upon the fern-web, and thus we may explain the connection between a good fern-web year and a good pilchard year which has been observed.

Cornwall is certainly not a land flowing with milk and honey,—it is rather a land of desolate hills and barren heaths. Yet it is in the least fertile parts of the county that one witnesses a phenomenon which well-nigh induces the belief that Cornwall may compare with Canaan. Running down the sides of these steep wastes are milk-white streams, and the stranger is fairly puzzled at the sight of them. He would perhaps be even more perplexed were he told that that terrestrial galaxy was granite. It would sound like a very poor hoax to declare that the hardest of all rocks could be reduced into a liquid state by any agency short of that tremendous heat which, countless ages ago, made even granite to fuse and boil. Nevertheless, the statement would be nothing more than the truth. Thousands of tons of granite thus pour down the hills every year. The explanation is as follows: In certain parts of Cornwall, chiefly in the neighbourhood of St. Austell, granite is found decomposed. Its compound elements, mica quartz and felspar, are disintegrated, and the granite is no longer a hard rock but a soft clay. It was not until the latter half of the last century that one William Cookworthy, a Plymouth Quaker, discovered that this was a valuable material for pottery. Until then all our finest pottery clay had come from China, and the cost of the ware was proportionately large. In 1745 Cookworthy wrote to a friend that an American had lately brought him some ‘china earth,’

which had been found in the back of Virginia. Nine or ten years later, in one of his frequent rambles about Cornwall, which he was induced to undertake in great measure through his belief in the 'dowsing,' or divining rod, he noticed some earth which bore a close similarity to that which the Virginian had shown him, and to the description of the Chinese 'caulin' contained in the narrative of the Jesuit missionary, Père d'Entrecolles. This discovery was made in Tregonnin Hill, in the parish of Germo, between Helston and Penzance; and subsequently Cookworthy found large quantities of the same precious material in the parish of St. Stephen's, near St. Austell, which is at the present day the chief locality of the mineral. He came to the conclusion that there were large stores of china clay, or, as he termed it, 'caulin,' in Cornwall, and he at once resolved to apply to Lord Camelford, the owner of the ground at St. Stephen's, in which the clay had been discovered, for permission to work it. Eventually Lord Camelford and Cookworthy entered into partnership, and established a pottery at Plymouth. This, in 1774, was sold to Cookworthy's cousin, Richard Champion, and transferred to Bristol. But such a precious product as 'caulin' was not to be confined to one district. It soon became sought after by other manufacturers, and it has now become the great source whence the English potters in all parts of the United Kingdom derive their raw material. The Cornish and Devonshire china clay, for it is found also in the sister county, is even exported in large quantities to America, although it was from America that the sample was brought which led to the discovery of clay in England. Some idea of the value of this discovery may be formed when we state that, during 1868, 187,479 tons

of china clay and china stone were raised, the value of which is estimated at 145,270*l*.

The process by which the clay is rendered fit for the potter is very interesting. In one district, Teignmouth, Devonshire, the clay is simply dug out of the ground, and shipped as soon as dry ; but this is an inferior clay, available only for coarse ware. That which is used in our fine china and porcelain has to undergo far longer preparation. The clay is commonly found among the moors, at the foot of the higher rock-strewn elevations called tors, and in patches of from one to twenty acres, with a very variable depth, ranging from twenty to two hundred feet. After the superincumbent soil or turf, technically termed "overburden," has been removed, and the bed of clay ("stope") has been properly opened, a stream of pure water is allowed to run down over the bed, and men clad in large waterproof boots keep moving the clay as the stream washes over it. The water, now thoroughly impregnated with clay, and of a milk-white colour, is then conveyed by wooden conduits ("launders") to the drying yard. On the way the heavy quartz is deposited in the shape of coarse sand. The clay next passes through a long series of wooden troughs ("mica levels"), where an almost perfect level is preserved, so that the clay water moves very slowly, and has time to deposit the mica. This is one of the most important stages in the process. In proportion as mica is present in the clay when sent to the potter is its value diminished. The best clay is entirely free from it. From the "mica levels" the clay stream is conducted to deep catch pits, where it remains until the pure clay, now consisting only of felspar, is deposited. The supernatant water is then drained off, and the clay, now of the consistency of thick cream, is pumped

into large shallow pits ("pans") carefully strewn with granite sand, where it is allowed to dry by the action of the sun and wind, or else it is conveyed into drying-houses, where it is dried by hot flues. In the first case the drying may take some weeks if the weather be unfavourable, in the second the clay is dried in twelve hours, and the further process of scraping to get rid of the sand, necessary when the "pans" are resorted to, is spared. In both cases the clay before it is quite hard is cut into small cubical blocks, which, when dry, have the colour and consistency of chalk. During the season, that is chiefly during the months from April to October, hundreds of carts laden with these blocks may be seen in the neighbourhood of St. Austell slowly wending their way to the little port of Par, which has been created by the clay trade and by the adjacent tin mines. The work, so far as is possible, is usually done by contract, the foreman, or as he is invariably called, the "captain," agreeing to supply the clay to the lessee of the works or "sett" at so much a ton, and making his own arrangements with the men under him. The landowner or "lord" receives his rent in the shape of a "royalty" or "dues," which is so much per ton upon all that is raised, the amount varying from 6*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* The selling price of the clay at the port varies with the quality, from 15*s.* to 40*s.*

It is not only in the form of clay that granite is obtained in Cornwall. Granite proper is raised in large quantities, and is nearly the finest in the kingdom. The quarries at the Cheesewring, near Liskeard, have furnished the greater part of the granite used in our new fortifications. Those in the neighbourhood of Falmouth and Penzance, some seventy in number, and most of them worked by the same company, have supplied the granite

used in our London bridges, and in many of our most famous public memorials.

But Cornwall's chief riches are underground. Hundreds of feet below the barren surface, covered with hideous spoil banks, there are countless miles of roads very strait and gloomy. They branch out in every direction, they lie on the top of each other, with ten fathoms of rock between them. Lights burn but feebly there, for the air is laden with impurity. The heat is often excessive, far beyond that of the hottest summer's day. Yet in those gloomy recesses thousands upon thousands of Cornishmen pass the greater part of their waking, and all their working hours. How sorely they suffer we shall presently see. In the meantime we must attempt a description of the most characteristic industry of Cornwall.

The presence of a mine is indicated to the traveller by a high stone building and a tall chimney, with a huge projecting iron beam that at certain intervals moves up and down, apparently without object and without cause. This is the mine engine. Without it mining would be impossible. The metalliferous rocks abound with water, and generally the more abundant and the hotter the water, the richer the mine. The mine engine works pumps which raise this water by hogsheads at every stroke. These engines are marvellous constructions. Cornwall boasts that it had the best engines and the first railway in England. That railway still exists, and public notice is given before a train is run, and the guard which accompanies the train gets down to open the gates, while the passengers alight to gather blackberries, or, as generally happens, to assist the guard in restoring the train to the rails from off which it has an invincible tendency to



run. But while the locomotive steam-engine is thus primitive, the mine-engine maintains its old position of superiority, and has advanced with the times. By the improvements which Watt designed in mine engines, one mine saved 7000*l.* a year. Since then improvements have been numerous and important, so that when the Dutch determined to drain their Lake of Haarlem, they sent their engineers to Cornwall to study the mine engines, and to order the like for their enterprise. These engines are of enormous size. Sometimes the cylinder has a diameter of 90 inches, and one engine of this size cost, with the works of erection, 8000*l.* But though so large it makes scarcely any noise, and is manageable almost by a child. Its house is kept as clean as a lady's boudoir. No smoke issues from the chimney, for coal is far too costly in remote Cornwall to be allowed to escape into the air. The work which the engine accomplishes is regularly recorded in "duty papers," which are published and excite the greatest interest among the miners. The "duty" of an engine is the number of pounds lifted one foot by a bushel of coals. Since the publication of the papers there has been so much competition that the "duty" has risen immensely. Thus, in 1813, the average "duty" was 26,400,000 lb., in 1837 it was 87,212,000 lb. The highest "duty" on record is 110,000,000 lb. At the present time the average is not far short of 100,000,000 lb. The quantity of water raised by these engines is enormous. There is one great underground watercourse, or "adit," which with its branches extends to forty miles, and drains 5600 acres. Through this "adit" nearly 1500 cubic feet of water are expelled every minute. Everything connected with these mines is on a grand scale. Every year, for instance, a forest of about 150,000 Nor-

wegian pine trees is used in propping up the roofs of the underground roads, or “levels” and the sides of the shafts. But a true idea of the importance of these mines as commercial undertakings, and as sources of national wealth, may be best gathered from a very few statistics. During 1864 there were raised—

	Tons.		Valued at.		No. of Mines.
Tin ore . . .	13,977	—	£861,346	—	165
Copper ore . .	124,937	—	644,033	—	126
Lead ore . . .	5,301	—	75,760	—	17
Zinc ore . . .	890	—	2,155	—	16
Iron pyrites . .	8,565	—	7,434	—	13
Arsenic . . .	633	—	475	—	7
Silver ore . . .	51	—	38	—	16
Iron ore . . .	25,284	—	8,897	—	12

The total quantity and value of all the metals raised in Cornwall during 1864 were 179,965 tons, and 1,626,791*l*. These figures are not so high as those of 1859, when the value of the copper alone was 905,897*l*. Unfortunately, since 1864 there has been a serious declension in Cornish mining which has been caused by foreign competition, and has led to a large emigration of miners. In 1868 the total quantity of ores was only 117,837 tons, and the value 1,153,179*l*. Just now there is a considerable revival in this branch of industry.

The procuring of this wealth gives occasion for the exercise of high skill and energetic enterprise. There is nothing in the outward natural aspect of a mine to reveal its presence to the unpractised eye. The ground that covers the hidden treasure may be a barren moor or a thick wood; may be far inland among the tors, or within the recesses of the cliffs that overhang the sea, or

even beneath the sea itself. The educated miner, however, discerns signs which the stranger does not. He notices the dip and direction of the strata ; he is acquainted with the mineralogical features of the district so far as the workings of other mines have revealed them. He has generally good reasons for fixing upon a particular spot for the commencement of operations. He makes a mistake sometimes ; but, thanks to the information afforded by the Miners' Institute, and the improved education for his profession which is afforded him, he is every year less likely to fall into error. But, even when he is right, he can never be certain that the cost of opening the mine will be repaid. Ore may be discovered, as he anticipated, but nothing is more capricious than a metalliferous lode. It may disappear, and reappear beyond the "sett," beyond, that is, the limits within which he has the right to work, and then his discovery is but lost labour. But supposing the mine to be successful, the engine shaft to be sunk, and levels opened every ten fathoms with good result in the shape of ore, the following is the way in which the mine is worked. There are two great divisions of miners, the underground men and the surface men ; the former being in number three to one of the latter. The underground men are subdivided into "tutmen" and "tributers." The first are excavators, and are paid so much per fathom. They sink the shafts and drive the levels at a price depending upon the hardness of the ground and the depth of the shaft or level, the man who asks the lowest price getting the job. The 'tutmen' work in "cores" (doubtless a corruption of *corps*), or gangs, eight hours at a time, and as they know nothing of the difference between day and night, they work in gangs through the twenty-four hours. The "tributers" are a

higher class of workmen. They are, in fact, virtually partners with the "adventurers," as the shareholders are called. They undertake to bring the ore to the surface at a certain percentage of the selling price. What that percentage shall be depends upon the indications which the mine affords at the time that the contract is made. If the mine looks poor, and the yield of ore is likely to be small, the "tributer" will expect as much as 13s. or 15s. in the pound, for his labour in raising a ton of ore will be great. If the mine looks rich, he may be contented with a shilling or even only threepence in the pound, for his toil will be light. It is a risky business; but, then, so is everything connected with mining, as the "adventurers" too often know to their cost. Every two months the contracts are made. The "captain," or foreman, in behalf of the shareholders examines the various "pitches," and fixes in his own mind the price at which they ought to be worked. The "tributers," too, make their inspection, and fix their prices. The various "pitches" are then put up to auction, all the "tributers" being present. The bids, contrary to an ordinary auction, go on decreasing in price, until the lowest offer having been given, the "pitch" is let to him who made that offer, a preference being given to men who have worked before. In two months there is abundant room for change in the value of the "pitch." If it becomes very much worse than was anticipated, the "tributer" can abandon his contract on payment of a fine, which is generally 20s. or 30s. He does not often resort to this expedient, but prefers to work on in the hope of an improvement. If the ground turns out much better than was expected, the "tributer" will occasionally hide some of the ore until after the next letting day, in order that he may continue the job at the

same price, that is, he will do so if he can ; but the "captain," who has almost always been a working miner, is generally too sharp for him. Another trick, less easily detected, is, where two "tributers," one of whom has taken a rich piece of ground and the other a poor one, agree that the former shall give to the latter some of his ore, and that the two shall divide the profits. In this way the shareholders may be swindled out of a large sum of money, since they may be paying 15s. in the pound for ore for which they ought to be paying only 3*d*. Trickery and untruthfulness are unfortunately not confined to the labourers. They are to be found among all classes who have to do with mining. The "captain" thinks it a point of honour to declare to all visitors that "she" (the mine) was never looking better, although he knows that the lodes have run out, and that the "sett" is on the point of being abandoned. The "adventurers" are generally equally dishonest. They keep a reserve of ore, which, if the mine gives signs of exhaustion, is brought out as though it were recently raised, and thus they obtain time to sell the shares of a worthless concern. This is called "picking out the eyes" of the mine. Mine sharebrokers are too often tricky, like the labourers and the shareholders, and they have countless means of puffing a worthless mine, or raising the shares of a fairly profitable mine far beyond its value, a proceeding for which modern slang has furnished a name, calling such mines "sensation mines." Doubtless there are a few brokers of high honour, and the lists, to which their names are appended, and which are published in the local daily papers, are treated with nearly as much confidence as the official lists of stocks and shares on the Stock Exchange. But as a rule there is no profession, save that of horse-racing, where there is

so much trickery. There is, however, this to be said in favour of Cornish mining, that it knows nothing of strikes.\* There is no need for the intervention of trades' unions among the Cornish miners. They have no need to combine against the master, for, by the system described above, they are made their own masters. Each job is taken at a price named by the taker himself, and if he works for less wages than the work is worth, he has only himself to blame. It is to be wished that this system, which, moreover, has the further advantage of making the men interested in the prosperity of the mine, could be adopted in other employments. We see no reason why it should not.

The disposal of the ore after it is raised is the subject of peculiar arrangements. In the case of copper, the ore is made up by the "tributers" into heaps of 100 tons each, and samples are sent in little bags to the agents of the different copper companies. They take the specimens to assayers, who declare what percentage of copper there is in the ore, and the price which the agents will offer is based upon this information. Nearly every Thursday in the year there is a "ticketing," or sale, generally at Truro or Redruth. The agents for the mines and the agents for the copper companies are present, and the latter, seated at a long table, write on slips of paper the prices they are prepared to give for the different parcels of ore. These "tickets" are handed to the chairman, and are immediately printed in a tabular form. The largest sum offered for each heap of ore is distinguished by a line drawn under it, and the agent who makes the offer is the purchaser.

\* The exception proves the rule. There was an attempt at a strike on a large scale some four years ago, but it completely failed.

During this transaction silence is generally observed, and thus in the course of an hour or two ore to the value of 20,000*l.* may be sold without a word being uttered. The parties to this transaction atone subsequently for this silence. Dining with them at the ordinary, the stranger would hear a confused Babel of sounds, in which the word "wheal" (a corruption of *huel*, the old Cornish name for mine) would predominate. He would learn that "Mary Anne" was looking better, and that a new lode had been cut in "the forty at Par Consols." And perhaps he might catch an ominous whisper to the effect that Wheal Phantom was "scat." After a time he would understand that "Mary Anne," whose better health was the subject of such general congratulation, was not the wife or the daughter of any of the speakers, but a mine; that "the forty at Par Consols" meant the forty fathom level at the mine of that name; and that "Wheal Phantom" was an unfortunate mine abandoned by its shareholders.

The eagerness with which the condition and prospects of mines are discussed is not surprising when we remember the large fortunes that have been lost and gained by mining. Mining, in fact, is a large lottery, in which there are a few great prizes, a large number of blanks, and, unlike other lotteries, a considerable number of forfeits. Most persons know the history of the Great Devon Consols Mine, near Tavistock, and how the shares upon which only 1*l.* had been paid were a few years afterwards sold for about 800*l.* In Cornwall, too, the fortunate venture of Messrs. Williams, the wealthiest family in the West of England, is well known, and how they paid 16,000*l.* for the United Mines, and how, shortly afterwards, a great discovery of ore made their property worth 190,000*l.* The Cornish mine adventurer, or the London mine broker,



has always numerous stories of this sort to relate. Neither tells of the far more numerous failures which have involved the unhappy speculators in ruin. It is estimated that the profits of all the Cornish mines are only about three per cent. upon the capital—a miserable return considering the enormous risks. But then every one hopes to make a *coup*, like the Great Devon Consols adventurers. The fact that some mines are now returning more than 500 per cent. on the original capital, while, as we have stated, the average return is only three per cent., shows that there must be many mines where there is a heavy loss. The chances of loss are far more numerous than the chances of large gain, and happy is that man whose experience (like that of a friend of the writer's) is that after investing in thirty mines, some good and some bad, he is only 100*l.* the worse off.

The social condition of the Cornish people offers some seemingly irreconcilable contradictions. There are few counties in England where there is less crime, none in which there is less drunkenness, and probably only one district in which there is so much unchastity. The cause of total abstinence has made greater progress in Cornwall than in any other part of England. A drunken miner is almost unknown. Alcoholic drinks are not allowed upon the mines. In Cornwall the phenomenon, too rare in England, may be seen of temperance public-houses. The comparative absence of crimes of violence is only the natural consequence of the prevalence of temperance. On the other hand, the prevalence of unchastity seems to be a most unexpected and inexplicable coincidence. The difficulty is removed, however, when we come to a definition of terms. It is quite true that the young women among the working classes too often cease to be maidens before

they are wives, and that it is a rare event for the first child to be born so long as nine months after the marriage of its parents. More than one Cornish clergyman, we fear, could be found to tell the same story as the clergyman in the Scilly Islands, who during fourteen years saw only two first-born children come into the world at the proper interval after the marriage of the parents. But when we have said this we have said the worst. Though, as M. Esquiros says, "Marriage is nearly always a consequence of maternity, instead of maternity being the fruit of marriage," still, marriage does take place, and desertion after seduction is rare. It would seem as if the Cornish miners shared the antipathy to sterility which their brethren the miners of South Wales entertain,—as if they would not marry a woman known to be barren. Between this laxity and the licentiousness which prevails in large towns, there is so great a difference that the first is almost a virtue by contrast with the second.

To say that the Cornish are both religious and superstitious will not seem to involve such a contradiction as the coincidence of temperance and unchastity appeared to do. Sincere devotion is not seldom accompanied with gross credulity. Cornwall is pre-eminently the county of marvellous legends—the abode of giants and fairies. The Cornish miner is the most independent of men, both socially and religiously. He is not seldom a class leader, or even a local preacher; and he will expound the Scriptures with wonderful acuteness on the Sunday, while on the Monday he will be afraid to whistle underground, lest he should give offence to the pixies. Between his Sunday devotion and his Monday dishonesty there is a greater incompatibility. The miner, however, is not thoroughly dishonest or untruthful. In most matters he is trust-

worthy ; but speak to him about his mine and you at once enter into a world where the ordinary laws of morality are suspended. If he be a "tributer," nothing will convince him that it is wrong to cheat the "captain ;" if he be a "captain," it will seem a positive duty to declare his mine in a flourishing condition, even though he knows that next week it will be "scat." As to the precise form of his religion, it is generally one of the numerous developments of Methodism. This is not surprising. Cornwall was one of the most fertile fields in which the Wesleys worked. Before their time, and even for some period after it, the Cornishman was one of the most lawless subjects in the King's dominions. If he said his prayers at all, he would pray for a good wreck ; and to render the granting of his requests the more likely, he would at night tie a lantern to the tail of his donkey, and drive the beast along the cliffs, in order to induce the crews of passing vessels to believe that the shifting light was that of a ship, and so draw them on to destruction among the cruel Cornish rocks. It is related that a clergyman found himself one Sunday suddenly deserted by his congregation in the middle of his sermon, and that on ascertaining the cause to be a wreck, he cried out to his retreating flock to "start fair," and to give him time to take off his vestments. The Cornish wreckers were indifferent to the sixth as well as the eighth commandment. Not only did they rob the unfortunate involuntary visitor to their inhospitable shores, but they did not scruple to get rid of him altogether, if murder would facilitate plunder. As to smuggling, that was considered a virtue. The revenue officers were esteemed public enemies. When Lord Exmouth's brother, Capt. Pellew, was sent to Falmouth, to put down smuggling, he found

some of his own officers running a contraband cargo of wine in broad daylight, and in the open port. One noted smuggler built himself a fortress, and armed it with long-range guns ; and one day, when Capt. Pellew approached this stronghold more closely than was agreeable to its occupant, the fort opened fire upon the ship, and a brisk engagement followed, in which the aggressor happily was worsted. The Wesleys did not refrain from denouncing these enormities, which the Church, then in her deepest slumber, had spared. Men and manners have improved since then, but Methodism is still the main religion of the county. Its members, however, have decreased of late years. This decrease is due in great measure to the revived energies of the Church, which, in spite of the great age of the late diocesan, has made a great advance during the last fifteen years. It is, however, due also to the spread of the sect of "Bible Christians."

There is one characteristic of the Cornish women to which we must make brief allusion—their love of dress. The visitor to one of the mines or clay works is struck by the remarkable neatness and cleanliness, amounting even to coquetry, of the girls who work there. The "Bal Maiden," as the mine girl is termed, is in fact as passionately fond of dress as the richest and fairest belle of Belgravia. Though her wages are small, generally from 10*l.* to 11*l.* a year, and though she has to keep herself out of this sum, she always contrives to adorn herself with more or less finery. If her parents disapprove and forbid her to deck herself in a manner not becoming her station, she will, so soon as she is out of sight of home, on her way to the mine, bring out the hidden brooch, and insert in her ears the forbidden rings. But it is on the Sunday that she comes out in all her grandeur. On that day,

young and old, men and women, the mother as well as the daughter, attire themselves in raiment ludicrously above their station. The women wear handsome and costly shawls, the men black coats and brilliant waistcoats, the girls, who have been groping in the darkness of the mine all the week, become on that day the butterflies of the church and the meeting. A clergyman unacquainted with Cornish ways having once done duty in a mining parish, and having seen before him none but gentlemen and ladies, as from their costume the worshippers appeared to be, lamented that the labouring class was not present, ignorant that his congregation was composed entirely of that class. He would have discovered that, if he had returned with his hearers to their homes. He would have seen how miserable in many cases these were : paper doing the duty of windows, doors badly hung, roofs leaky, and sanitary arrangements defective. In the towns there is a great deal of fever and other preventable disease arising from these causes. And even in the cottages which have been built by the miners on the moorlands adjoining the mines there is much misery. Nor does this extravagant love of dress lead only to the sacrifice of health. It too often leads to the sacrifice of independence. There is a certain class of men called packmen, or tallymen, or more familiarly “Johnny Fortnight,” who minister to this passion in a very objectionable way. They call at the house of the miner when he is at work, and display before the eyes of his wife and daughters the seductive wares that they carry in their pack—shawls of brilliant hue, robes of wondrous texture. The tallyman urges that the payments can be made fortnightly (hence his *sobriquet*), and he rarely finds this argument fail. With girls about to be married he is particularly eloquent, for he knows that

they are fully alive to the importance of a handsome *trousseau*. A girl generally yields to temptation under such circumstances, and she brings to her husband a dowry of heavy debts of which he knows nothing. She is then in the power of the tallyman. If she is remiss in her payments, and if she is tardy in making new purchases, he threatens to sue her husband for the whole of the balance. Too often he fulfils his threat, and latterly the local press has called attention to the many actions in the county court instituted by the tallymen, who there obtained power to enforce not only punctual payment of the agreed instalments, but the immediate payment of the whole debt. This power they frequently use, and thus imprisonment for trifling debts is shamefully common.

The Registrar's returns tell a sad tale of the diseases to which the miners are exposed. The bad air, in which it is almost impossible to make a candle burn, and whose injurious effect is increased by the smoke of the gunpowder used in blasting, is one great source of disease. Another is the great depth of the mines, which renders it necessary that the miner when returning from his work, exhausted by the foulness of the atmosphere which he has been breathing for eight hours, should climb up a series of slippery perpendicular ladders, perhaps five times the height of the London Monument. He generally has to carry his heavy tools with him, and when he gets to "grass," as the surface is called, he is sometimes so terribly weary that he throws himself upon the ground, more dead than alive, and not seldom suffers from hæmorrhage. A miner in the Hartz Mountains of Germany, some thirty years ago, invented a man-engine, by which the greater part of this unnecessary and cruel toil is spared. Where it has been tried in the Cornish mines it has answered

admirably, and it has resulted in a positive pecuniary gain, by saving the miners' time and strength. But in Cornwall there is a large number of mines which are either unremunerative to the shareholders, or the cause of actual loss, and which may be abandoned any day ; and therefore the shareholders will not incur the considerable expenditure which the erection of a man-engine involves. The same consideration checks the introduction of proper ventilating apparatus, engines that will pump air into the mines, although it has been found that they reduce the expense of mining by reducing the excessive temperature and the extra wages which the miners require for working in it. Moreover there is in the mines of Cornwall, as there was in the mills of Lancashire, a selfish obstructiveness on the part of capitalists, which offers a serious barrier to all improvements. The effect of this selfish conservatism upon the health of the working miner is very lamentable. He is subject to a specific form of pulmonary disease, known as the miner's consumption. His is a short-lived race, and, as M. Esquiros remarks, you will see in Cornwall many widows, but few widowers. The diseased constitution is transferred to the children, and hence there is a large amount of infant mortality.

Coke declared that the Duchy of Cornwall was a great mystery, and it is a subject on which volumes might be written. It must suffice to say, that, until very recently, the management of the Duchy property was made as offensive and oppressive to the Cornish people as it possibly could be made. No landowner, were his title the best that could be devised, felt himself safe from litigation in which the Duchy officials might win through length of purse, while if they lost they were specially exempt from the defendant's costs. Nothing was too



large, nothing too small for "the Duchy." It grasped alike at the whole of the "great common of Devon," as Dartmoor was called, and the poor man's cottage built upon a piece of waste land. At length the complaints, long deep, became also, through the mouth of the local press, so loud, that a change of policy was adopted ; and there is now comparative peace and quietness for the much vexed inhabitants of the Duchy.

## THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

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THERE are few grander sights in all Britain than a summer sunset seen off the Land's End. Standing on this great outwork of granite which majestically fronts the Atlantic, you gaze on the heaving sea hundreds of feet below you, glowing in the crimson light of the sinking orb. Faintly distant, almost as unsubstantial as a cloud, the Scilly Isles rest upon the surface of the ocean. Between them and you are some twenty-five miles of water, covering, according to the ancient tradition, the old land of Lyonesse, a green and fertile plain studded with villages and the steeples of 140 churches. The great convulsion of nature which overwhelmed this land, if indeed such a catastrophe ever did take place, and Florence of Worcester did not invent it, must have happened long before the time of King Arthur: for prior to the Christian era the Phœnicians traded with these islands. The Phœnicians did not care to rush into print; were, on the contrary, very anxious to keep the position of the Tin Islands—the Cassiterides—and the adjacent mainland a secret, so that they might enjoy a monopoly of the tin-trade. Some centuries later (history and tradition are closely intermingled) Merlin prophesied that several kings would meet upon a large rock near Sennen, the village adjacent to the Land's End, and that the meeting would be a presage of the destruction of the world. Three kings, it is said, did meet there;

but as the world is not yet destroyed, the number must have been insufficient. We come to the region of veritable history when we reach the reign of Athelstan, the conqueror of these islands. Very early monasteries were erected there. There still remain on Tresco Island ruins of a house dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of sailors and pawnbrokers, the pious babe who always refused the breast on Wednesdays, Fridays, and other fast-days. Henry I. gave the island monasteries to the Abbey at Tavistock. The connection does not seem to have been very satisfactory, for by the fourteenth century only two monks resided on the islands. The Scillonian Archipelago belonged of old to the Crown. Queen Elizabeth made a grant thereof at an annual rent for a short time to the Godolphin family, and then to the Osbornes. The tenure was too short for any of the lessors to make any improvements, and the islands continued until very recently in a sad state of poverty. During the civil war they sided with Charles ; and the Parliament, finding that the islanders greatly interfered with commerce, sent Blake to reduce them to submission. Sir John Grenville commanded the garrison of Star Fort in St. Mary's. The Dutch Admiral, Van Tromp, offered him assistance, but the Englishman was too proud to accept it from foreigners. He and his 800 men made a gallant defence ; but in June 1649 they were compelled to surrender. On October 22, 1707, a terrible calamity occurred in this Western Archipelago. Sir Cloudesley Shovel was returning with his fleet from Portugal, when, obstinately refusing to listen to the warnings of experienced seamen, he allowed his vessel, the *Victory*, and three others to be wrecked on St. Mary's Island, and he and 2000 men were lost.

The Scilly Islands take their name from one of the

smallest of the group. Scilly proper is but one acre in extent. The name has been variously explained. Hale derives it from Sillys, a conger-eel. More probable is the derivation from the Breton word Sullêh, signifying rocks dedicated to the Sun. There are about 150 islands and rocks in all. Only half-a-dozen are inhabited. The total population in 1861 was 2431, of whom about 1300 live in St. Mary's, the largest of the group. The distance from Penzance is about 36 miles, and the passage is usually made in a little under four hours by the Little Western Steamer. The fare is very high. On the way the magnificent Wolf Rock lighthouse is passed. It was finished last year, and, owing to the stormy character of the sea and the difficulty of landing on the rock, the work took several years to accomplish. It is one of the finest of this class of structures in English waters. Formerly—that is, before the light-ship in this neighbourhood was established—the number of wrecks was terrible ; was, indeed, four times as numerous as now, though the number of vessels passing was only one-fourth as many. The entrance to the sounds which separate the principal islands is very picturesque, and seen in a bright sunshine is charming enough. Too often the prospect is obscured by sea-fogs, even in the finest weather. Thus the glorious atmospheric effects common among the Norwegian Islands are wanting here. Hugh Town, the capital of St. Mary's, bears every sign of prosperity. It looked very differently fifty years ago. The islanders were in the lowest depths of poverty. Constant appeals were made in their behalf, and one produced the large sum of 20,000*l*. The usual result of well-meant, but injudicious, alms-giving followed. Scillonians who had left their native place returned, attracted by the money. Committees were formed to purchase fishing-

tackle and to provide the women with materials for work. But when the subscriptions were all spent, every trace of improvement was effaced. No permanent good had been effected. From 1800 to 1831, the islands had been let on lease to the Duke of Leeds at a rent of 40*l*. The tenure was too short and the payment too small to make it worth the Duke's while to look after this property. In 1834 the Duchy of Cornwall, which, by some means not at all intelligible, had superseded the Crown in the ownership, let the islands to Mr. Augustus Smith (subsequently M.P. for Truro) on a longer term than before. One of the conditions of the lease was that the lessor should build a pier at Hugh Town. Mr. Smith did this, and far more. He revolutionised the islands. It was a beneficent revolution. He found the cottier system in full force, and producing all the evils that it had produced in Ireland, and must produce everywhere. The cottiers were settled upon little patches of ground ; but as these were not their own property, and the occupants were liable to ejection at any time, there was none of the enterprise shown by the peasant proprietors of the Channel Islands. Mr. Smith consolidated these holdings, permitted only one member of a family to take a farm, and told the rest that they must go to sea, enter service, and learn some trade. To qualify them for their further callings, Mr. Smith established excellent schools, and by compelling the parents to pay a school fee for each child, whether it went to school or not, made it certain that all would be sent. The teaching in the schools was rendered thoroughly sound and practical ; it included, for instance, navigation : and this improved education was, as has been described by Mr. Tufnell, one of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the employment of children and women in

agriculture, "the real lever which succeeded in raising the population out of their low condition." The change effected in ten years is described by Mr. Tufnell as "marvellous." He adds, "The chronic misery which used to cause yearly applications for public subscriptions has absolutely ceased. I never met with a better dressed population, nor one shewing in their cottages and deportment clearer signs of comfort and refinement. I inspected all the schools, and found the children well instructed. I was particularly struck with a discovery I made in the island in which the proprietor resided—that one in three of the population was at school. This considerably exceeds the Prussian proportion of one in 6·21. An observation of the chief clergyman was still more striking, as he stated to me that he had a difficulty in finding persons willing to accept the Sacrament money. Contrast this with the report above quoted, that nothing could exceed the wretchedness and misery of the islanders. Drunkenness had been the characteristic of the population, yet now it was almost unknown, and the inhabitants of one island had forsworn spirituous liquors altogether. The potato famine tried the islanders rather severely, as one of their most profitable occupations was growing potatoes for the supply of shipping. The London market, though tried, had failed altogether, and it was not till some years after the famine that the islanders, who planted earlier and earlier every year, as more likely to ensure a good crop for their own supply, at last discovered they could compete with Penzance in the London market. The neighbouring county of Cornwall suffered greatly from this cause. Yet, so far from Scilly sending forth the old cry for assistance, subscriptions were sent to relieve the suffering Cornishmen. The proprietor allowed one son in each family to succeed

his father at death. But the people soon found out that small farming was a very unprofitable work, and so the children voluntarily took to ploughing the sea instead of the land ; while the excellent training of the boys, received in the school, caused them to be in demand by the Liverpool and London shipowners. The conduct of these youths was so good, and their intelligence, owing to their superior education, so marked, that even before their time of apprenticeship was expired, they were frequently promoted to be mates and stewards ; and on a late visit to the islands I ascertained the remarkable fact that of all the boys who had gone to sea not one, when grown up, had remained before the mast, but had all become masters or captains of vessels ; and at this moment many boys whom I had examined in the schools are captains of large ships sailing from Liverpool and London."

This happy change was brought about through Mr. Smith's resolute determination to do nothing that would pauperise the inhabitants. Occasionally he made a regulation which seemed harsh. For instance he forbade the islanders to cut turf for fuel, as they had been wont to do. The reason of his prohibition was that the turf-cutting destroyed the soil. At the same time that he issued his order he took care to have coal imported at a low price. He never paid for work more than it was worth. His method was a complete reversal of the petty patronizing system which had prevailed before his time. In this way the poor-rates were reduced to eightpence in the pound ; and whereas formerly the agricultural class was far too numerous for the soil, it has recently been necessary to introduce agricultural labourers from a distance. The shipping of Scilly has increased in a remarkable manner. In 1830 the port of Scilly had 5 vessels above 50 tons,



with a gross tonnage of 406 ; in 1869 the number was 28, and the tonnage 6177.

The principal sight in the islands is Mr. Smith's residence, Tresco Abbey, with its beautiful gardens. These are full of rare tropical plants and trees, which, so mild is the winter, remain out of doors all the year round. In fact, it is difficult when walking among the gum trees of Australia and tall East Indian bamboos to believe that you are within 7 degrees of the Meridian of Greenwich. During the last few months a telegraph cable has been laid between the west coast of Cornwall and St. Mary's, Scilly. During the present year, a telegraph ship has been stationed several miles west of Scilly, with which it is connected by a submarine cable. This ship will be the first port of call to homeward-bound vessels, which will thus be able to announce their arrival off English shores many hours earlier than before.

One great defect of Scillonian scenery is the absence of trees. The early potatoes and broccoli which grow here in such abundance are not picturesque. The other crops are principally rye, barley, and oats; but the climate is not adapted to cereals, and the inhabitants import corn from Penzance. The sheep and horses are small. Sea-fowl are numerous, and Scilly has part in the pilchard fishery. Scilly pilots are famous, and just now Mr. Augustus Smith is fighting a battle in their behalf with the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House. He is somewhat of an autocrat in religious matters. Two religions only are allowed in these islands, Episcopacy and Methodism. They flourish harmoniously side by side.

## ITINERARY.

There are many ways of reaching Cornwall. You can travel from Paddington to Penzance, that is to within a dozen miles of the Land's End, without changing your train, in  $12\frac{1}{4}$  hours. This is quick and costly work, but the journey is delightful. From the time that you leave Exeter until you reach your destination you will have a constant change of scene. First, there will be the broad sands at the mouth of the Exe. Then you reach the red cliffs and the blue sea about Starcross and Dawlish, where the stations are built on the sea shore and the waves sometimes wash away the line at those points where it does not burrow for safety through the rocks. A little farther west you will come in sight of Dartmoor, with its granite tors, and you will find yourself being carried by the panting engine up steep inclines, rattling down equally steep declivities, or spinning over lofty viaducts which (especially at Ivy-bridge), give you most romantic views of river, wood, and moor. The glimpse of Plymouth from the railway by no means offers a fair idea of that town. It is well worth a halt of some days, not only for its own sake but for that of its most charming environs which will afford a different excursion for every day of the week. Four miles from Plymouth is the famous Albert Bridge, which spans the Tamar at a height of nearly 200 feet from the bed of the river and is 2190 feet in length. The work itself is a marvel of science and art, and, independently of that, the view on either side is most lovely. By this bridge you enter Cornwall, and for nearly 90 miles you journey from north to south, now by the richly wooded and watered country about St. Germans, now through the precipitous

tree-clad Glyn Valley, near Bodmin, now by the sea shore at Par, now through the barren moorland crossed by milk-white streams, which tell of the china clay-works about St. Austell, now through the black, desolate mining country of Camborne and Redruth, until you come suddenly in sight of a steep hill surmounted by a building, half castle, half church, at its base its sparkling sea, and you recognise St. Michael's Mount. Thence for two miles you run along the sea shore and enter Penzance while the glow of a midsummer sunset is still in the heavens. Arrived at Penzance you will be able to make an excursion to the Land's End (not forgetting the point of Tol-Pedn—Penwith, which is far finer than the Land's End) so past Cape Cornwall and the Botallack mine (which runs under the sea) in one day. A steamer leaves Penzance thrice a week for St. Mary's, Scilly, and if you do not mind a four hours' voyage you will do well to extend your pilgrimage thus far ; going on the Saturday, so as to have all Sunday for seeing the islands, especially Tresco with its wonderful tropical garden, and returning to Penzance on the Monday.

At Truro the railway forks, one branch of it going to Penzance, as above mentioned, the other to Penryn and Falmouth. Falmouth harbour should certainly be visited. From Penryn (a twin borough to Falmouth) coaches go to Helston, and the Lizard district may be visited. The Lizard is perhaps better worth visiting than the Land's End, for Kynance Cove is unique as an example of rock-scenery. Once more returning to Truro, you would do wisely to take the omnibus to Newquay, some 14 miles distant, and situated on the other coast of Cornwall. Newquay is a favourite watering place of the Cornish people, though too far off to be much known to Londoners.

The walk along the cliffs from thence northward to Padstow is very fine. You pass on the way the romantic vale of Mawgan and the Convent of Lanherne, also the extraordinary Bedruthan Steps, a series of strangely-shaped rocks. North of Padstow lie Trebartha Sands, Tintagel, and Boscastle, with the grandest rock-scenery, and Bude with the finest sands in England. All this country ought to be seen, but it is rather inaccessible and should be walked. There are no railways and no coaches. If there were you would, by using them, lose that which is the real attraction—the coast scenery. At Bude you once more return to the regular routes of travel, and can go either by coach to Launceston and thence by rail *viâ* Okehampton to Exeter and London, or (which is well worth doing) on foot to Hartland, with its charming town and majestic point, Clovelly, the haunt of artists, as it well may be, and Bideford. Here you join the North Devon railway, which takes you to London *viâ* Exeter, or you may extend your journey northward to Ilfracombe and Lynton.

The tourist desirous of spending the least possible amount of money might reach Cornwall by taking one of the steamers to Falmouth and work his way west and north from thence ; or by taking the train to Bristol and the steamer thence to Hayle, which is seven miles from Penzance and 19 from Truro. Supposing him to have chosen either of these alternatives and to have worked his way up to Bideford by the route we have mentioned, he could either continue his journey on foot to Ilfracombe and Lynton (avoiding the main road and keeping to the coast, and so having one of the finest walks within the limits of the four seas), and return by steamer from Lynton to Bristol ; or he might travel third-class from

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Bideford to London, which would cost him only about a sovereign. Another route, and quite the most interesting, is to go on foot or by coach from Lynton across Exmoor, by Porlock and Dunster to Williton, where he would touch the railway and reach London *viâ* Taunton.

THE END.



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words, and punster ; and all kinds of knowledge are communicated by the use of these faculties. In the first chapter, for instance, in a bantering fashion, there is a full, and, it is to be presumed, accurate account of the structure and requirements, both as to feeding and hygiene, of a horse. In like manner the processes to which a dairy is devoted are illustrated and explained, and the best methods of making cheese and butter brought down to the meanest capacity. Again, in regard to geography, a system of mnemonics is employed by which the capital of Portugal is remembered by reference to a pleasant sweet wine known as Lisbon. Inverness is associated with a particular kind of cloak, Brest becomes familiar because it breasts the Atlantic Ocean, and a chief town in Switzerland is retained in the mind because it is associated with the necessity for warmth in such a cold country, and so Berne is not easily forgotten. It is not necessary to set down any more specimens of the jocular mode of instruction which is here adopted, but it may be said that in some form or another it is applied to a great many subjects. Thus, there are three chapters devoted to information on 'Farming,' including a good deal of botanical intelligence, with a touch of geology, as that science is applicable to the proper treatment of the soil in the variations of tillage. In order to give even greater lightness, and thereby increased attraction, to the book, there are interlineated a smart history of a 'Children's Party,' and a pretty 'Fairy Tale.' Again, the unexpected descent of a balloon near the supposed locality of the book is made the means of a lecture, quite serious this time, on chemical substances, and an exposition of the qualities of gases and the composition of the atmosphere. Then there is a chapter of English history, which is almost in the vein of those comic chronicles with which, years ago, Mr. Gilbert a'Beckett amused readers of all growth, both as regarded Rome and this country. There is a dissertation on metals and on acids which have some connection with gold, silver, and so on, in the course of manipulation, and a good deal is told of quicksilver, which will be perhaps particularly interesting to young ones, who are naturally fond of observing that beautiful and volatile substance. In short, though of course addressed ostensibly only to children, there is such a vein of humour, and such a pleasant conveyance of information about things which cannot, even in these days, be said to be generally

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